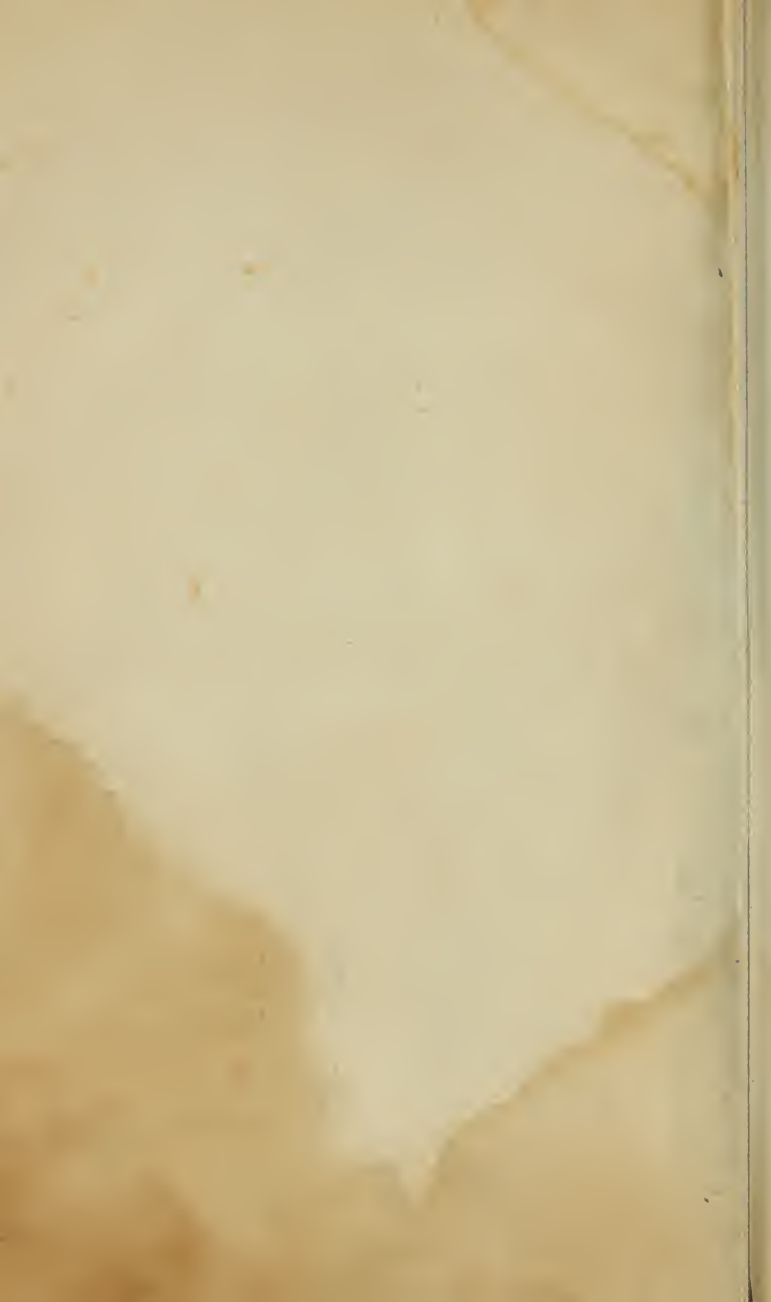


FALLS OF NIAGARA.







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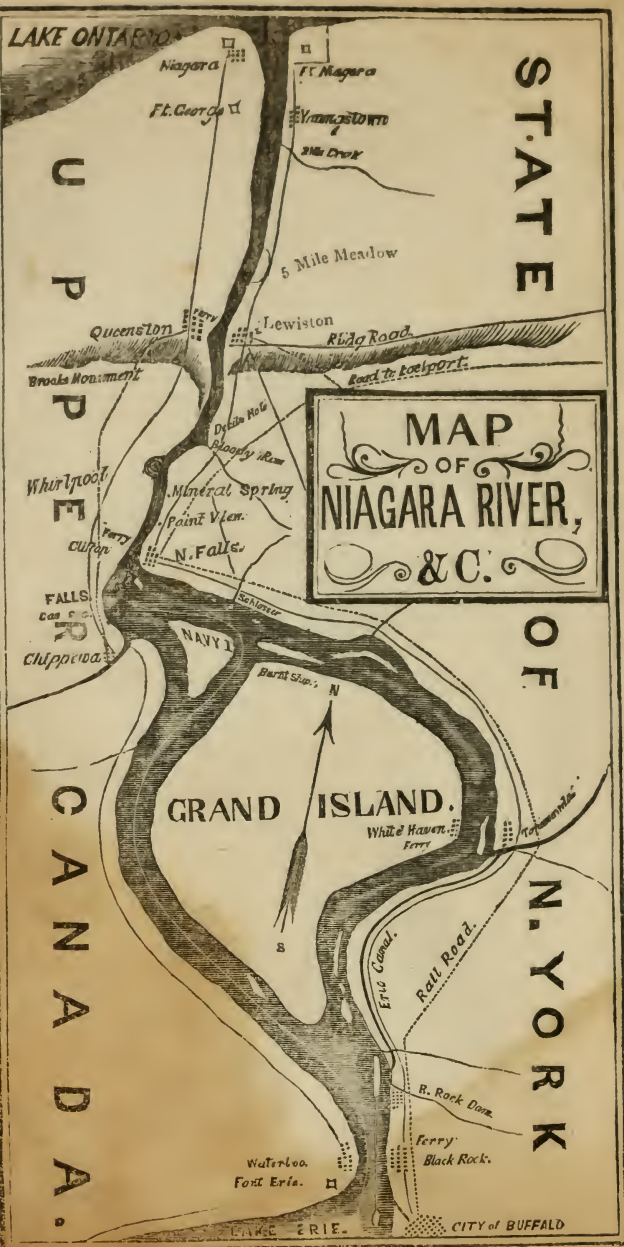
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MAP
OF
NIAGARA RIVER,
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THE
FALLS OF NIAGARA,
OR
TOURIST'S GUIDE
TO THIS
WONDER OF NATURE,
INCLUDING NOTICES OF THE
WHIRLPOOL, ISLANDS, &c.
AND A COMPLETE
GUIDE THRO' THE CANADAS.

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

BY S. DE VEAUX.

BUFFALO:
WILLIAM B. HAYDEN.

Press of Thomas & Co.

.....

1839.

Entered according to the act of Congress, in the year 1839, by

S. DE VEAUX,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Northern
District of the State of New-York.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE author's views have been principally directed to Niagara Falls ; yet, at the same time, as fitting for such a publication, he has thought proper to take in other matters, seemingly, from their contiguity, alike interesting.

The books that have been published as Guides to the Falls, are quite competent for the object they have in view ; and every visiter who desires to know all about them, by a little expense in purchasing such publications, will add much to his stock of information.

This book is not calculated to come in competition with those, or any other publication ; though it is, indeed, a Guide to the Falls, in a new form.

The subject is made very familiar, and every inquiry is answered that is usually made by strangers. It is intended to amuse as well as to inform ; to treat of some subjects not touched upon by previous publishers ; to preserve from oblivion the names of some individuals of notoriety ; and to furnish some incidents of border warfare, and descriptions peculiar to this country.

In doing this, the author thinks that his small publication will form an agreeable present from those who visit the Falls, to their friends and children at home, when they return refreshed from their pleasant and amusing tour.

It may be here observed, that it is thought, by some, that the terms in which the Falls are spoken of and usually described, are too high and exaggerated. If the English and Scotch poets are any criterion for descriptive expressions, (and that they are the true standard, all will allow,) so far then from being exaggerated, the terms applied to the Falls are but tame and feeble. Several of the authors alluded to, have afforded poetical descriptions of waterfalls in the United Kingdom, in which all the epithets of beauty and grandeur have been exhausted in the labored delineation : descriptions so lofty as to leave nothing to add, even when applied to the Falls of Niagara. Look at the objects as nature presents them : a brook or mill-race, to a mighty river — a pond, to an ocean. Indeed there is no term of our language too high, or idea of imagination too comprehensive for this profound and impressive scene. The mind, awe struck, is overwhelmed and lost amid the elemental strife. And it is not only so as regards the Falls, but the whole of that portion of the Niagara river, from the commencement of the rapids below Navy Island, to the eddying and heavy current at Lewiston, is, without doubt, one of the most wonderful and prodigious of all the works of nature, and affords scenes, with but few exceptions, more sublime and terrible than is exhibited in any other land.

THE AUTHOR,

Niagara Falls Village,

June, 1839,

THE ARRANGEMENT.

The colloquial form has, in some places been adopted in this work, in affording directions and information to travellers. The observations of the guide, and the remarks of the visitors, have been in some places transcribed. In this manner, the information which has been garnered up for years, is imparted to strangers in its appropriate place.

The sketches are made in a tour round the Falls, and vicinity ; and is divided into four JAUNTS.

THE FIRST JAUNT is to the Falls on the east side of the river, or, as they are commonly called, the American Falls. It may be made, from the Hotels, in half an hour ; but the feelings of those who go, will determine the period of their stay. Some have thought half a day a short time to spend in viewing the cataract from that position, and the other objects to which their attention is drawn.

THE SECOND JAUNT is to the Islands. Bath, Iris or Goat, and the other little adjoining Islands that are accessible. It may be made in two hours. Many persons spend a day, and repeat the visit frequently ; asserting, that the interest excited increases the oftener the scene is beheld.

THE THIRD JAUNT is to the Whirlpool. It requires three hours ; and, if extended to the Devil's Hole, Indian Village, and old Fort Niagara, a day or more will be pleasantly spent in the excursion.

THE FOURTH JAUNT is to Canada. This, like the visit to the Falls, may be accomplished in less than an hour ; but it would be superficial. Very few are satisfied with

such a slight peep into her Majesty's dominions. They like to visit Table Rock, and take a look below, through the mist, and under the water.

In speaking of the time to be consumed in looking at and around the greatest cataract in the world, reference is had to those who travel with rail-road speed, and such are travellers in general, in these days ; and not to those who have leisure. To such as have time and opportunity, no period can be fixed : all depends on their own impressions. If they are unexcited and uninterested, their stay will be short : they will cast a dull and unimpassioned look over the scene, and hurry away. Others who have felt differently, have remained weeks and months at the Falls, still extolling them, and spending their time much to their satisfaction.

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Niagara Falls from the American side, near the Ferry Staircase.

A JAUNT
TO THE
FALLS OF NIAGARA,
ON THE
AMERICAN SIDE.

THE TRAVELLERS.

A party from a distant City are on a tour of pleasure to the Falls. There are three principal routes on the American side that lead to this celebrated place.

One from the upper lakes, the south, and the east, through the City of Buffalo, from thence by Rail Road to the place of destination :

One from Canada, and the lower lakes, via Lewiston, and from thence, also, by Rail Road :

The third, from the east, by the Erie Canal, Rail Roads, Stages, and Steam Boats, to the City of Rochester, and through the village of Lockport, and from thence by Rail Road to the Falls.

The travellers that are the *Dramatis Personæ* of this jaunt, are seated in the Lockport and Niagara Falls rail road cars. They have arrived within two miles of the object of their visit, and the exclamation is heard — “the Falls! the Falls!” An imposing scene has, indeed, broke upon them, and a general move takes place to catch a glimpse of the mighty cataract. Those seated at the right side of the cars have a full and direct view in front,

First sight.

and of the Niagara river, which, by their side, flows far beneath. On the very verge of its banks, at a dizzy height, they are whirling at the rapid rate of eighteen miles an hour. On looking below, some passengers hold their breath in amazement; others have been known to express their astonishment by a low protracted whistle, until the supposed danger was past.

On looking at the object before her, one of the ladies exclaims—"is that the Falls?" "Yes," replies a passenger, "and look below, there is the far famed Niagara river."

Another observes—"after so long a period I behold this place;" and one—"what a distance have we come to feast our eyes upon this scene!"

"Great mist arises from the water—the Falls seem concealed behind a cloud. Is it always so?"

"Always," answered a person familiar with the scene, "and in the clear cold weather of winter, the mist which arises in clouds, appears like the flame and smoke of some great conflagration, or as of a burning city. At such times the burning of Moscow is always brought to my remembrance."

In a few minutes after the Falls are first beheld, at the mineral spring, two miles from the cataract, the cars have rolled on; have passed through the main street of the Village, and have stopped at the upper end.

The cars of the passengers are saluted with—"passengers for the Cataract," "travellers for the Eagle," "gentlemen please to show me your baggage for the Cataract," "Eagle baggage," "for the Cataract, Madam?" "do you go to the Eagle, Sir?" and all the jargon which a full array of the runners and waiters from two of the best Houses in the country can utter forth.

General remarks of travellers.

The travellers having made up their minds before their arrival, or afterwards, go to one or the other of the hotels, enter their names, secure their rooms, and breakfast, dine or sup, as the case may be, and when prepared for a visit to the Falls, send for the Guide.

The aid of a guide is indispensable, to point out the different views and to impart a full knowledge of all the localities.

After having concluded their arrangements they start on their first ramble. Passing in a western direction from the hotel, they traverse the bank of the river, or after leaving a narrow street, continue along on the rising ground, until they enter a grove of trees; emerging from thence, they behold the Falls at once before them, rolling majestically, and displaying all their grandeur.

“How magnificent!”

“Truly, the half has not been told!”

“It is grand—it is dreadful!”

“They are terrible, yet beautiful!”

“They appear small at a distance, and, at first sight, I was disappointed. They exceed my expectations.”

“Never have I beheld, or imagined, any thing comparable to this.”

Such are some of the many expressions which break from travellers, and show forth their emotions; they are generally those of admiration, mingled with pleasure; but many gaze and wonder in silence.

Description.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

“Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
Those wild involving shadows; that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face.”

On the western boundary of the State of New-York, runs the Niagara river, in a northern direction, and the centre of which is the boundary line between the United States and the dominions of Great Britain. The Niagara is the outlet of the vast chain of western lakes, beginning with lake Superior and its hundred tributary streams, and is the principal inlet of lake Ontario. Niagara is derived from the Indian, and was called by them *Onyakarra* according to David Cusich, of the Tuscarora tribe, who published a pamphlet in 1827.

The Falls are twenty-two miles from lake Erie, and fourteen from lake Ontario. The two branches of the river which encompass Grand and other Islands, unite a mile above the rapids; and it is, there, two miles in width. As it advances forward the current accelerates in its downward course, and the channel contracts in width. From tranquil and glossy, a slight ripple is seen to move the surface; it next assumes a descending and cradle like movement; the waves enlarge, the tops roll over each other, and are broken into white-caps and spray. The whole body of the mighty river becomes agitated, as if conscious of the great plunge it is about to make. The placid stream has become a rushing torrent, broken into cascades and sweeping billows. Its own momentum presses it forward with irresistible violence; from ridge to ridge it bounds, until it reaches the perpendicular rock,

Volume of water.

and there it sweeps over, and falls below. The water boils up from beneath, like a sea of white foam ; the spray rises in clouds which hang dark and heavy above, or are wafted away by the current of the wind ; and rainbows encircle below and above this most wonderful of nature's works.

Iris island is in the midst of the Falls, and separates the water into two great sheets. A smaller sheet is struck off by Prospect island, passing between that and Iris island. The portion between the islands and American shore is less than the main channel which separates Canada from the United States, and passes on the western side of Iris island. In that channel is borne along a volume of water of immense magnitude, the drain of more than 150,000 square miles of surface of lakes and rivers.

How sublime the object that is presented to the enraptured beholder ! Such a body of congregated water poured at once over so high a precipice, and falling perpendicularly into the chasm below, whose depth it is not possible for man to fathom.

The rushing, roaring sound which is emitted by the falling water—the variety of colors presented to the eye—the splendor yet sublimity of the scene—are new to the spectator, and create emotions hard to be described.

The sounds are those of the stormy ocean and overwhelming tempest, there is one continued roar, yet other sounds arise fitful and varied.

Some persons, at times, have fancied noises, strange and mysterious; the intonations of the base drum—the slow, solemn and heavy report of artillery—the swelling note of the trumpet—and even the human voice in agony, has been heard by many imaginative enthusiasts.

Familiarity with the noise.

But the similarity of the sounds to the base drum, and to artillery are so near, at times, that persons have been repeatedly deceived.

It requires a long residence to become familiar to, and regardless of the noise. To some it creates unpleasant sensations, but generally they are those of a contrary character. To those who are residents, the quietude which seems to prevail when they visit any of the adjacent villages, makes it appear to them like the stillness of Sunday.

Strangers who remain over night, though the sound of the Falls is in their ears when they retire to rest, yet when they happen to awake from their slumbers, frequently fancy themselves in the midst of a tempest; the house trembles, the windows and doors clatter, the wind rushes and whistles round, the rain pours; and amid all, they hear the unceasing sound of the cataract. They rise to look out upon the raging storm; and when they draw the curtain, or throw up the windows, they perceive that the stars are shining sweetly, and not a zephyr disturbs the pendant leaves.

In heavy weather the sound is louder, and is heard farther; and to those who live at a distance, though within hearing of the Falls, they are an unfailing barometer. After a pleasant turn of weather, during which the sound has but just been perceptible, often gradually, and sometimes suddenly, the increased roar of the cataract comes upon the ear. A change of weather immediately takes place, and is often followed by a storm.

In some directions the roar of the Falls is not usually heard over six or seven miles; along the course of the river they are constantly perceptible for about fourteen miles; they have been occasionally heard at the distance

Point View.

of thirty miles; and in one instance an individual asserts to have heard them at the city of Toronto, in Canada, distance forty-four miles.

The concussion of the falling waters jar the adjoining shores, and the houses tremble in concert with the unceasing shock.

This may be questioned by those who have only spent an hour or two at the Falls, in the clear, serene, and bland weather of summer; but those who have remained there longer will certify to the fact. If a door is left ajar it vibrates, if a window is loose it clatters; and even sitting quietly at their fire sides, the inhabitants will, at times, perceive a tremendous emotion, which they can trace to the Falls. Such are the sounds; the objects presented to the eye are still more varied.

Point View, on the American side, not a *new* position, as the clear surface of the bank and well trod foot path will show, but one hardly mentioned by any who have written on this subject, was the spot from which Vanderlyn sketched one of his great paintings of the Falls. For a distant prospect it is unequalled, and more extended than any other. Here, the Falls and the river below can be seen most advantageously, at one view; at other points the objects of interest must be viewed more in detail. It is much the same on the Canada shore, go where you will and you have one grand and comprehensive view of the descending waters.

On the projecting rock at Point View, the spectator stands and beholds the unrivalled prospect which is spread before him. Two hundred feet below the rock from which he looks, lies, silvered over and calm, the waters of the Niagara, bounded on either side with rock and precipice; the adjoining shores crowned with native forest

Distant prospect.

trees, and in the distance green meadows, blooming orchards, and rising villages. He looks at the great object of his gaze, with sensations of reverence; the white sheets hanging in mid air; the waters foaming, and hurrying from beneath those that impend above; the spray rushing up from the deep cavern, and rising in clouds, which hang as a pillar of smoke over this sublime sanctuary of nature's mysteries. The rocky base of Iris island, dividing the Falls, with its tall trees towering above the water; the Terrapin rocks on the American side, and Table Rock, in Canada:—altogether the scene is, beyond conception, unique and imposing.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

“Trifles, on an interesting subject,
Cease to be trifles.”

As many inquiries are made as to places, heights, distances, and on a variety of other subjects, the following paragraphs are intended as answers to such, and afford in the shortest practicable way, the information required.

The form of the Falls is a curve. That part between Iris island and Canada is called the Horse Shoe Falls.

The western or Horse Shoe Fall is about seven hundred yards in circumference.

The Fall on the northern side of the island is three hundred and thirty yards.

The centre Fall, between Iris and Prospect islands, is about thirty three yards.

The whole distance around the curve, including Iris and Prospect islands, is computed at one thousand four hundred yards.

Inquiries answered.

The height of the Falls, on the American side, is one hundred and sixty-four feet; on the Canada side, one hundred and fifty-eight feet.

From Chippewa to Schlosser the river is the widest. The descent from those places to the great pitch is estimated at ninety feet.

At the ferry below the Falls the river is fifty-six rods wide. It has been crossed in five minutes; it ordinarily requires ten.

The cloud of spray which arises from the Falls, is always seen, except when scattered by the wind. It is sometimes seen from a great distance, even from that of one hundred miles.

Computations have been made of the quantity of water that passes over the Falls. One is that 5,084,089,280 barrels descend in twenty-four hours; 211,836,853, in one hour; 3,530,614, in a minute; and 58,843, in a second. This statement is undoubtedly within bounds; and the quantity is probably considerably more.

The average height of the banks about the Falls is from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet.

You can go, for a short distance from Iris island, under the spray of the Horse Shoe Falls; some have called in going under the Horse Shoe Falls, but that is saying too much.

The principal spot visited, for going under the sheet of water, is at Table Rock. Even there, it is fashionable to speak of the distance advanced, in exaggerated terms.

Great differences of opinion exist as to the best view of this scene of many wonders. One says, "the best view of the Falls is from Table Rock." Another, "the best view to be had is from the centre of the river, in crossing." A third, "the prospect is the best from

Inquiries answered.

Point View." A fourth, "the best view is from the foot of the stair case, on the American side." A fifth, "the grandest views of all are from the point of Iris island where it overlooks the Horse Shoe Falls, and from the Tower at the Terrapin Rocks."

After all, it must be conceded that the view of the Falls in Canada, surpass any on the American side. On this side there are many different views; your eye passes over the various prospects, piece by piece; on the Canada side you have a full front view. On the American side, comparing large things with small, you not only occupy the stage box, but go behind the scenes.

Persons who visit the Falls, to form a right conception of the wonders of this country should pass over to Iris island, should visit the Whirlpool, and great rapids along the river, and should cross into Canada.

From the rapidity of the water below the Falls it has been difficult to fathom it, but as nearly as has been ascertained, it is two hundred and forty feet deep.

The ferrymen convey baggage safely from one side of the river to the other, for a fair compensation. The descending and ascending the hills is a laborious task, and they earn their money.

The number of visitors increase yearly. In 1838, from the best authority, the number exceeded twenty thousand.

Names and Initials.

NAMES AND INITIALS ON THE ROCKS
AND TREES.

“Busy memory seeks,
E'en in the woody glade, for some dear mark
Of those we love.”

There are observed many names and initials chiselled upon the rocks, and cut upon the trees. Some high in the branches, and some projecting over the precipice. At the first thought one supposes that the short lived immortality thus to be obtained is hardly worth the labor and risk.

It is not so much the expectation of fixing a lasting memorial, as the pleasure of having one's name recognised by some friend, or acquaintance, in present or after years. These mementos are like the registry of a public house, but possess a romantic interest that registers do not. Here on the dark rocks and wild forest trees of Niagara, mingled with names from every part of the world, will sometimes be found one dear to the heart of the observer, and the object will be hailed with pleasure. It may have been indented years ago, and he who made the memorial, may, when the name is recognised, have ceased to exist among the living; and then may be brought to mind “scenes long passed, never to return.” More than once, affecting recognisances of this nature have been witnessed. Had the first European who visited this spot left some memorial of the time, and his own name, he would, by that slight circumstance, have secured an immortality for himself, and much satisfaction to modern inquirers. This is not a useless labor; it is interesting to many, and will often afford some data and materials for the traveller and historian.

Mists and Optical Illusions.

MISTS AROUND THE FALLS, AND
OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.

“ Indistinct——

“ Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life,

“ Objects appear.

The Falls, to residents, have lost much of their loneliness, the majesty and awfulness which they once possessed. Frequently beholding them has made the scene familiar ; not only so, but there are now so many of the works of man about them, houses, stair cases, bridges, roads, prospect towers, and the like, that the wild and savage aspect which they once wore, has disappeared.

When the ferry was at first established, at times there would not be a passenger for several days ; in consequence, it would be often neglected, and travellers were frequently detained, not only hours, but days, in waiting on the movements of the irregular and tardy ferryman. One who was thus detained, relates—“ I waited on the American bank, and watched the coming of the ferryman. Clouds of mist would move down the river, obscuring, except at intervals, the shores from each other. At such times, the appearances were truly deceptive. I would see persons coming to the top of the bank ; I would observe them passing down the hill, emerging at times from behind the rocks and bushes ; and could almost count their numbers as they advanced to the landing place. Directly, a blast of wind would come, driving away the cloud of mist, and showing clearly that no persons were in sight. I would think they had retired behind the rocks, or were in some hidden part of the path that ascended the bank, as it wound its obscure way under shrubs and trees. Again the mist would roll over,

First discovery.

and again the phantoms would appear, and, like an *ignis fatuus*, would lure me to remain till darkness and night cut off all prospect of the ferryman's coming!!

Who first discovered the Falls, does not appear to be known. They were visited in 1657, and without doubt many years before. This is the earliest notice of them yet brought to light. In 1678, they were visited and described by Father Hennipen. The description is not very different from those of the present day. In calling the Falls 600 feet high, it is likely the estimate was made from the top of the bank to the supposed bottom of the gulf, or abyss into which the waters are precipitated. It is not now certainly known but that the estimate in that point of view is correct.

After having viewed the Falls, from the brow of the bank, to their satisfaction, the travellers pass down the river for about ten rods, where the guide points out where Francis Abbott, in a small building erected by himself, resided for the last two months of his life. From this place he could look out upon the Falls, and regale himself with the sight of the object to which he was spell-bound and infatuated. This was not a favored residence; but as he could not be permitted to seclude himself on the island, to which he was so extremely partial, he sorrowfully seated himself here. As every body wishes to hear about this eccentric gentleman, all the information that has been obtained, is given in the following account :

Francis Abbott.

F R A N C I S A B B O T T .

“ From my youth upwards,
My spirit walked not with the souls of men,
Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes ;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,—
The aim of their existence was not mine :
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh.
My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the mid mountain’s top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect’s wing
Flit o’er the herbless granite ; or to plunge
Into the rolling torrent, and to roll along.”

In the afternoon of the 18th of June, 1829, a tall, well built and handsome man, dressed in a long loose gown, or cloak, of a chocolate color, was seen passing through the principal street of the village of Niagara Falls. He had under his arm a roll of blankets, a flute, a port folio, and a large book ; in his right hand he carried a small stick. He advanced towards the Eagle Hotel, attracting the gaze of visitors and others by the singularity of his appearance. With elastic step and animated motion, he passed the hotel ; he heeded not the inquiring gaze of the idle multitude, but firm and erect he bent his course to a more lowly, but respectable inn. He at once entered into stipulations with the landlord, that the room he occupied should be solely his own ; that he should have his table to himself ; and that only certain portions of his fare should be furnished by the landlady. He made the usual inquiries about the Falls, and among other things, wished to know if there was a reading room or library in the village. Being informed that there was a library, he immediately repaired to the individual who kept it ; deposited three dollars, and took a

His opinion of the Falls.

book ; purchased a violin ; borrowed music books ; informed the librarian that his name was Francis Abbott ; that he should remain a few days at the Falls, and conversed on many subjects with great ease and ability.

The next day, he returned to the same person ; expatiated largely upon the surrounding scenery, the cascades and cataracts, and of that sublime spectacle, the Falls. In all his travels, he said, he had never met with any thing to compare with this combination of all that was great and beautiful. There was nothing so grand as Niagara Falls, except Mount *Ætna*, during an eruption. He inquired how long travellers usually remained, and being informed that many stayed only one day, he observed that he should remain at least a week ; and further remarked, “ Can it be, that there are those who come to this place, and leave it in one day ! I am astonished that persons can be found so little interested in these astonishing works of nature, as to spend so short a period of time in passing around and beholding them. As well might a traveller, in one or two days, attempt to examine in detail the various museums and curiosities of Paris, as to think of becoming acquainted with the magnificent scenery of Niagara, in such a short space of time.”

In a few days he called again, and again expatiated upon the resplendent scenery of the Falls, and said he had concluded to remain a month, and perhaps six months. In a short time after, he determined to fix his abode on Iris Island, and was desirous of erecting a rustic hut, for the purpose of abstracting himself from all society, and of becoming a solitary hermit. The proprietor of the island, having become acquainted with his eccentricities, was apprehensive that his permanent residence there,

His residence — mode of living.

might be alarming to strangers, who did not know him. For this reason, he thought it not proper to allow him to erect a building for such a purpose, but permitted him to occupy a room in the only house then on the island. In this house there lived a family that furnished him at times with milk and bread. But he often dispensed with these necessary articles, providing himself in such other way as suited his fancy, and preparing his food to suit his own taste. He observed once to a friend, "that people, in their mode of living, took a great deal of trouble and unnecessary pains; for my part, I have adopted a method which I find very pleasant and agreeable. I take about a pint of water, in which I mix a sufficient quantity of wheat flour, to give it a proper consistence, and then drink it down. I find that it answers every purpose, and saves me much labor and inconvenience."

With his guitar by his side, supported from his shoulder with a silken sash, like an Eastern Minstrel, he would perambulate the banks of the river to the Whirlpool; and once or twice extended his walk to Lewiston. The inmates of the houses on the way would suddenly hear the sounds of strange and unknown music; the musician would be observed standing at a distance in the road, but as soon as noticed, or spoken to, he would glide away, without giving any reply.

The island was his permanent residence for about 20 months. At length, the family removed; and to those few persons with whom he held converse, he expressed his great satisfaction of having it in his power to live entirely alone. For some months, he seemed to enjoy himself very much, and until another family entered the house. He then concluded to erect a cottage of his own; and as he could not build on the island, he chose the high

Manner of his death.

bank of the river, near to and in full view of the Falls; which, of all other objects, it was his delight to behold. He occupied his new residence about two months.

On Friday, the 10th of June, 1831, he went twice below the bank of the river, to bathe, and was seen to go a third time. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the ferryman saw him in the water—he was partly floating and partly resting his body on the shelving rocks. As the boat approached, to screen himself from the gaze of the passengers, he drew his head under the water. It was not seriously thought of, as he had often been noticed in the same situation, and acting in the same manner. When the ferryman returned, his clothes were seen on the rocks, where he usually deposited them, but he was not there. An examination was immediately made, but his body could not be found. It was supposed to have been carried away by the current.

“The greedy surge had swept him down, far, far
From mortal ken.”

On the 21st, the body was taken up at Fort Niagara; was clearly identified, and was on the next day removed and decently interred in the burial ground at Niagara Falls.

Thus terminated the career of the unfortunate Francis Abbott—little, indeed, known to those near whom he spent the last two years of his life. Some few gleanings more can only be given. He was an English gentleman, of a respectable family; he was endowed with a good mind, highly cultivated; and was eminently pleasing in his manners. He was not only master of several languages, but deeply read in the arts and sciences, and possessed all the minor accomplishments of the finished gen-

His character.

tleman, fascinating colloquial powers, and music and drawing in great perfection. Many years of his life had been spent in travelling. He had visited Egypt and Palestine; had travelled through Turkey and Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France; and had resided for considerable periods of time in Rome, Naples, and Paris. While at the Falls, business brought him in contact with several of the inhabitants, with a few of them he would sometimes be sociable; to all others he was distant and reserved. His conversations were always interesting, and his descriptions of countries and people highly glowing and animated. But at times, even with his favored acquaintance, he would hold no converse; but communicated to them his wishes, on a slate, and would request that nothing might be said to him. He would frequently, for three or four months together, go unshaved; often with no covering on his head, and his body enveloped in a blanket; shunning all, and seeking the deepest solitude of the island. He composed much, and generally in Latin; but he destroyed his compositions almost as fast as he produced them. When his little cot was examined, hopes were entertained that some manuscript or memorial might be found, of his own composition; but he left nothing of the kind. His faithful dog guarded his door, and was with difficulty persuaded aside while it was opened. His cat occupied his bed; and his guitar, violin, flutes, and music books, were scattered around in confusion. There was a portfolio, and the leaves of a large book; but not a word, not even his name, was written in any of them.

Many spots on Iris Island are consecrated to the memory of Francis Abbott. On the upper end of the island he had established his walk, and in one place it had be

His walks — his temerity.

come trodden and well beaten, like that on which a sentinel performs his tour of duty. Between Iris and Moss Island, there is embowered in seclusion and shade, one of the most charming waterfalls, or cascades, imaginable. This was his favorite retreat for bathing. There he resorted at all seasons of the year. In the coldest weather, even when snow was on the ground, and ice in the water, he continued to bathe in the Niagara.

On the lower extremity of the island, there was a bridge leading over what are called the Terrapin Rocks ; from this bridge there extended a single piece of timber, some twelve or fifteen feet over the precipice. On this bridge it was his daily practice to walk ; with a quick step he would pass the bridge, advance on the timber to the extreme point, turn quickly on his heel and walk back ; and continue thus to walk for hours together. Sometimes, he would let himself down at the end of the timber, and hang under it by his hands and feet for fifteen and twenty minutes at a time, and this over a chasm so terrific, as to make dizzy the strongest head. On being remonstrated with, for thus exposing himself, he would reply, that, on crossing the ocean, he had frequently seen the sea-boy in much greater peril ; and, as he should probably again pass the sea, he wished to inure himself to such dangers : if the nerves of others were disturbed, his were not. In the darkest hours of the night, he was often found walking alone, in the wildest and most dangerous places near the Falls ; and at such times he would shun the approach of men, as if they were unwelcome intruders on his solitude.

He had a stipend allowed to him by his friends in England, competent for his support. He attended to the state of his accounts, very carefully ; was economical in

His opinion of the Views.

his expenditure of money for his own use ; but generous in paying for all favors and services, and never receiving any thing without making immediate payment. He had a deep and abiding sense of religious duties and decorum ; and was mild in his behavior, and inoffensive in his conduct. Religion was a subject he appreciated, and seemed well to understand. The charity he asked from others, he extended to all mankind.

What, it will be inquired, could have broken up and destroyed such a mind as his ? What drive him from society, which he was so well calculated to adorn,—and what transform him, noble in person and intellect, into an isolated anchorite, shunning the association of his fellow men ? The mystery he never unfolded, and his friends have remained silent on the subject. He was about twenty eight years of age, at the time of his death.

With the scenery of the Falls, he was perfectly infatuated, and expressed himself in the most rapturous terms, when he spoke of the beautiful retreats of Iris Island. He was asked, why he did not take up his residence in Canada, under his own government—among his own people ; and, as he preferred being near the Falls, he could there select a place to suit him, as the views on that side were considered, by many, the best. His reply was, that he preferred this side, because, in all that was interesting and beautiful, the American scenes around the Falls were decidedly superior.

Alexander's Leap.

ALEXANDER'S LEAP.

“My thoughts came back. Where was I? Cold,
And numb, and giddy: pulse by pulse
Life reassumed its lingering hold;
And throb by throb, till grown a pang,
Which for a moment would convulse,
My blood reflow'd, though thick and chill;
My ear with uncouth noises rang;
My heart began once more to thrill;
My sight return'd, though dim, alas!
And thicken'd as it were with glass —
Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
There was a gleam, too, of the sky,
Studded with stars: —— it is no dream.”

At a spot, about thirty rods from the Falls, a thrilling incident occurred in 1836.

A number of men, employed upon the Lockport and Niagara Falls rail road, were one night carousing at a small tavern, in the village. A dispute, upon some religious subject, arose between a party of Irishmen and a few Scotchmen, who happened to be present. The Scotchmen soon found it necessary to retreat to another room; but the Irish blood, excited with whiskey, was up, and they rushed in upon them, swearing death and destruction upon “Luther's breed.” It had become one of those fierce and fatal rows, where reason is lost in passion and intoxication, and in the whirlwind of excitement, blows are dealt, and life is taken; and from which, happy is he who can safely retreat. The Scotchmen rushed through the back door and over the fences, hiding themselves behind trees and stumps. They all succeeded in eluding their infuriated pursuers. One of

His fall from the bank.

them, however, by the name of Alexander, though he escaped their hands, yet met with an accident still more dreadful. When he got out of the yard of the tavern, he found himself pursued by several persons. He was not acquainted with the place : it was about 9 o'clock, and quite dark : he could see the woods, as he thought, at a distance. He ran towards them : he was deceived by the brush wood and scattering trees growing along the upper bank of the river. As he entered the wood, he remembered slipping : the slope is about 20 feet, and the perpendicular height 70 feet : he recollected no more. The next morning, at the beginning of day, he found himself wounded and bleeding on the rocks. The shelving bank and river on one side, and an insurmountable barrier of rock on the other. He had never been to the Falls, and did not know that there were stairs to ascend the bank ; but the shantee, at which the workmen lived, he knew was down the river. In hopes of finding some place to ascend, crushed and bleeding as he was, he made out to gather himself up, and made his way over the rocks, and through the brakes and bushes. In this mutilated state, he crawled along for nearly two miles.

The next day, towards noon, his companions began to think of him ; and, as there was snow on the ground, his steps were without difficulty traced to where he had gone over the bank. A party was despatched below. Marks of blood, and the manner in which he had drawn himself along, soon led them to him. They found him on his feet : he had a stick in his hands, over which his fingers were clenched thro' each other, and frozen solid. He was going round and round, and was then in a bewildered state ; and if timely relief had not arrived, he would soon have perished. He was wrapped in blankets, and

Fish, and Angling.

conveyed to the place where he lived. His body severely injured, and his hands and feet badly frost-bitten ; but, with good medical attendance, and careful nursing, he recovered in about three months, with the loss of some fingers and toes. Yet, he is an enfeebled man, and it is not likely that his former strength will ever be restored.

FISH, AND ANGLING.

“ The silver eel, in shining volumes roll’d;
The yellow carp, in scales bedeck’d with gold;
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains;
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat’ry plains.”

There are several places where fish are taken with hook and line, and pleasant sport is afforded to those fond of angling. The best places are between the two sheets of water, on Iris Island ; in the eddy, at the ferry, in Canada ; and at the Whirlpool and Devil’s Hole. There are, also, several other places resorted to. The river abounds with a variety of fish : white fish, salmon-trout, pike, pickerel, perch, sturgeon, cat fish, white and black bass, the muscalunge, eels, herring, and many other kinds.

On the subject of fish attempting to ascend the sheet of water, one of the party, a traveller, remarks — “ In this, I am reminded how I was amused, many years ago. When I was a youth, I was at the Falls, on some business ; and, while dinner was preparing, the schoolmaster of the village came in. We commenced talking about the Falls. He communicated to me his whole stock of information ; and, with other things, gravely informed

Hunting Grounds, and Game.

me that he had sat for hours together, in observing the exertions of fish to ascend the sheet of water. They would rise for about eight feet, and then fall back, and attempt it again. Some would spring from the water ; others would ascend the sheet by muscular strength."

The story must be put down as fabulous. Yet, eels do actually ascend from thirty to forty feet, on the rocks, among the moss and grass, where the mist from the Falls constantly descends ; and they have been there picked up, in considerable quantities : but there is no possibility of their reaching the river above.

Eels were not formerly taken on the upper lake ; but they have been often caught in the river below, and carried and put alive in the stream above. It was supposed that they again returned, by passing over the Falls ; but, for a year or two past, a few messes of fine eels have been caught in the river above, and carried to the Buffalo market.

HUNTING GROUNDS, AND GAME.

The whole extent of country lying east of the Falls, on the American side, is well filled with game. This tract is yet new, a large portion of it being in a state of nature, and deer and bears have not entirely disappeared ; though the latter is quite a stranger. A wolf once in a while shows himself, but among a people with whom the rifle is as familiar as the scythe and reaping hook, his career is but short. Foxes, wild cats, racoons, squirrels, and other wild *varment*, are plenty. Similar descriptions of game are yet found on the islands.

A game story.

For the sportsman, there are ducks, sometimes wild geese, pheasants, quails, pigeons, and woodcocks. The woods of Canada also abound with game of like descriptions.

Large stories have been related, by travellers, of water fowl alighting in the current, above the Falls, and, before they could rise, of their being drawn over.

One authentic instance can only be mentioned. As a gentleman was standing near the Falls, he saw a duck in the water above. It was playing and gamboling in the rapid stream, just where the water begins to curve over the rock. It plunged in, and rose again, several times. At length, it dived too near the suction of the current, and over it went.

After very heavy and dark nights, much game in the morning is frequently picked up, in the river below; such as wild geese, ducks, and swans, a bird not common to the country. They fall in the current, in the darkness of the night, or dash themselves, in their passage, against the rocks or sheet of water. They are found dead, or disabled, with broken legs or wings.

An old English magazine, called the "Magazine of Magazines," pretends to give "a true account of Niagara Falls, in America." Among other things, it states that the Indians, in their canoes, sometimes passed the Falls in safety. That the quantity of game drawn in, and carried over the Falls, was so great, that on a time the French garrison, at Fort Niagara, consisting of 1000 men, becoming destitute of provisions, were subsisted for three months on the game picked up below the Falls. Surely, travellers, in those days, understood how to exaggerate full as well as those of modern times.

Road down the bank.

ROAD DOWN THE BANK.

Between 80 and 100 feet from the Falls, the party arrive at a large excavation in the bank. Great quantities of earth have been washed away by the action of water conducted in a race from the rapids for that purpose; and masses of the rock have been blasted loose, and thrown down. It is the commencement of a carriage-road to the ferry. The road down the bank, in Canada, was completed 12 or 14 years ago, and this was begun soon after. Very little progress was made, and it was soon discontinued. In 1836, it was recommenced, under the auspices of Benjamin Rathbun; and if his operations had not been brought to a close, it would soon have been completed.

One of the party remarks — “this, and the Welland Canal, connecting the two lakes, are the only laudable enterprises, undertaken by Canadians, that I have heard of, in which they have gone a-head of the enterprising people of New York.”

Such will not long be the case. The great canal, around the Falls, will assuredly, ere long, be constructed; and the gentleman, to whom the road belongs, will not long delay its completion, after the difficulties that now convulse Canada are brought to a settlement.

When this work was first commenced, an Irish laborer was employed on a projecting rock, of several tons weight. Very unexpectedly, the rock gave way, and both went down the bank together. Fortunately, the rock passed down first, struck a heap of earth below, and rolled out of the way. The man fell on the same heap of earth, and was so little injured that in a few days he was able to resume his work.

The Indian Ladder.—Village.

THE INDIAN LADDER.

A few rods further, and the guide points out a notch in the bank. Here is the oldest place for descending to the Falls: it is called the Indian Ladder. The ladder consisted of a cedar tree, lying sloping against the rocks. The natural branches, and notches cut in the body of the tree, were the only slight helps afforded to those who went down. The last person known to have descended, was a hunter, by the name of Brooks. He was in pursuit of some game, which he had shot, and had fallen below. He got about half way down, when he slipped, and fell between 20 and 30 feet, and was badly injured.

The travellers having now completed their tour to all the most interesting points along the bank, excepting Point View, which is spoken of in another place, conclude to return to the hotel.

VILLAGE OF NIAGARA FALLS.

“Lead on—to yonder village lead,
Where heaven has happiness decreed
For those the blessings prize;
Who seek, in solitary ease,
Such joys as innocently please,
Nor wish for other joys.”

In 1805, Augustus Porter, Peter B. Porter, Benjamin Barton, and Joseph Annin, Esqrs. became, by purchase of the State of New York, the proprietors of a considerable tract of land, lying immediately adjacent to the Falls

Village — Water-power.

of Niagara. They built mills, and laid out a village, which was called Grand Niagara, but was soon changed to Manchester. This name it retained for several years ; but, as much inconvenience arose, from there being several other places in the State of the same name, it was altered to Niagara Falls, which is the name of the post office. In 1813, the village was burnt by the enemy. After the war, the citizens returned, and it has very gradually increased, since then, in buildings and inhabitants. In 1836, the survey of the village was greatly extended ; the lands became in great demand, and large sales could have been made at enormous prices. Some lots were sold ; but the owners preferred retaining their property, rightly judging that the time had not arrived for the accomplishment of their enlarged views in disposing of their estates.

The water-power, at this place, is unlimited ; and at some distant day must come largely in use, for manufacturing purposes. There are now one large grist mill, two saw mills, a woollen manufactory, a trip hammer shop and furnace, and two machine shops. There are, also, two blacksmiths' shops, two cabinet makers' shops, one shop for the manufacture of rail road cars, four merchants' shops, one public library, one museum of minerals on Bath Island, two splendid hotels and three other public houses, two public schools, eighty dwellings of all kinds, and upwards of five hundred inhabitants.

The location is commended for its healthiness, and, for rural beauty, it is unexcelled. It affords the finest places for residences, for those who wish to combine elegance of scenery and salubrity of air, of any on the Niagara frontier.

Extract from Hooker's Album.

The author cannot refrain from closing this part of his work with the following charming lines, from Mr. Hooker's Album :

N I A G A R A F A L L S .

“ I love to gaze upon that ceaseless rush
Of waters; for it doth raise my full soul
To Him, who bids the deep in wildness flow;
Who heaves the mighty flood from rock to rock,
And sends it dashing to the dark abyss,
Where it doth thunder forth His glorious might,
And speak eternally Jehovah's praise.
Scarce less I love to gaze upon the circling foam
And silv'ry mist; for, on their milder front,
I behold the sweet bow of promise, arched—
That bow, which, when refulgent on his eyes,
And first was sent to cheer his heart,
Who mourn'd the ruins of a world,—to him
It spoke of hope, and peace, and future calm.
And, as awe struck, I gaze on yonder flood,
All terrible in wild sublimity,
Trembling I turn away:—then do I love
To fix my eyes on the bright pledge of hope,
And think that He who gave it to be ours
Is not a God omnipotent alone,
But is a God of love—eternal love.”

“ Niagara Falls, 3d Augt. 1835.



A JAUNT
TO
IRIS AND OTHER ISLANDS
IN THE VICINITY OF
NIAGARA FALLS.

IRIS ISLAND.

“ Go to the cool and shady bowers,
Where flow the wild cascades ;
Stroll through each green and deep recess,
And dark romantic glades.

Then, rest thee, on the mossy bank,
Or onward further stray,
And gaze upon the mighty stream,
That winds its course away.”

THE ISLANDS.

“ Say, shall we wind
Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?
Or court the forest glade ? ”

There are several islands, which, from their locality and peculiar position, in reference to the Falls, have attracted the attention and curiosity of strangers ; and a visit, to some of them, is never neglected by those who have an opportunity. The one most interesting is Iris, or, as it is commonly called, Goat Island. Many years since, a resident at Schlosser put some goats on the island, and hence the name. The present proprietors have given it the name of Iris Island. As that is very appropriate, it is proper that it should be generally adopted.

It lies in latitude 43 deg. 6 min. and longitude 2 deg. 5 sec. west from Washington city ; and contains between 60 and 70 acres. Though the soil is an accumulation of earth upon a heap of rocks, yet it is very fertile, producing all the native plants of the country in great luxuriance. A circuit round it, which visitors usually take, is about a mile. By the Boundary Commissioners, who were appointed under the Treaty of Ghent, it was very properly adjudged to belong to the United States ; and the Indian title being extinguished, it fell into the hands of private individuals. Just at the upper end of the island, commence the terrific rapids that lead on to the Falls. There the river divides ; the main body passing on the south-western side, and the lesser on the north-eastern. The lower end of the island is like the main

Jaunt to the Island.

shore below the Falls — a perpendicular bank, from 70 to 90 feet, and thence, to the water's edge, a sloping precipice of from 100 to 120 feet. A small portion of the island has been cleared off, and is in a state of cultivation; but the principal part is yet covered with native forest trees, of various kinds: through the density of some of which, when covered with their rich foliage, the rays of the sun are seldom admitted.

In making the tour of the island, occasion will be taken to mention and describe such other islands that lie in the Niagara river, as have in any way drawn the attention of the public.

JAUNT TO THE ISLAND.

“Summer! delicious summer! thou dost fling
Thy unbought treasures o'er the glorious earth!
Music is in thy step, and in thine eye
A flood of sunshine! On thy brow is wreathed
Garlands that wither not, and in thy breath
Are all the perfumes of Arabia!”

The party leave the hotel, and turn down a short street, called Bridge street. They fall into conversation with the guide, making such inquiries of him as are usually interesting to travellers, and such as are commonly made. The information which follows, is in answer to such questions:

Besides seeing the Falls, travellers, who remain for any length of time, find various amusements.

For those who like in-door exercise, there is a ball or nine-pin alley. There is, also, in the village, got up exclusively for the use of travellers, several billiard tables.

Amusements.—The Rapids.

There is a library ; and at another place, a reading-room : but the locality itself, in general, affords abundant amusement for several days.

Some resort to the baths : others bathe in the river. Some amuse themselves in fishing : others in fowling, and in seeking after the great bald eagle. Some of the noblest of the species have been found in this quarter ; specimens of which are to be seen at Mr. Barnet's museum, in Canada.

The generality of travellers ride to those places which it has become fashionable to visit. Old Fort Schlosser, up the river — the mineral spring — the Whirlpool, the next most interesting object, after the Falls — the Tuscaroras Indian village — and Fort Niagara.

Besides these, considerable time may be spent most pleasantly in a trip to Canada.

On Sunday, some travellers go to church, in the village ; others go to the meeting-house of the Indians ; some ride to the places mentioned ; and some promenade round the island and Falls.

Traveller.—“ Since I have been here, I have noticed the residence of Judge Porter ; it is one of the most elegant situations I ever beheld. I am told he is very wealthy. How did he acquire his fine possessions at this place ? ”

Guide.—“ He purchased the lands, many years ago, of the State of New York. He is a gentleman of great industry and distinguished talents. He has built for himself the fortune which he enjoys.”

The party are descending a small declivity, towards the bridge, to the island.

Traveller.—“ Indeed, this prospect is very grand ; those majestic waves, bounding and curving along, and

The Bridge.

that bridge lying at rest over them ! Here is nature, in all her might ; and the art of man triumphing over obstacles appearing almost insurmountable. ”

THE BRIDGE TO THE ISLAND.

The construction of this bridge appeared almost incredible to an individual who happened to be at this place when the work was going forward. One or two of the piers only were laid down. He inquired of one of the workmen, the object of the bridge, and to where it was going. “ To the island,” was the reply. “ I don’t want to live any longer,” said the stranger, “ than until you get this bridge to the island.” He could not be convinced that its construction was practicable.

It was built by first erecting piers near the shore ; long timbers were then projected beyond them. After which, two substantial posts or studs were let down, and rested on the bottom, at the end of the projecting timbers, which were firmly secured to them, and supported them, until a small crib, filled with stones, was sunk. Then the large timbers for the piers were framed, put down, and fastened to the small crib. They were then filled with stones, the string-pieces put on, and the planks laid. After one pier and bent were completed in this manner, the long timbers were again moved forward, and another, and another constructed, until the whole were finished. The projectors were Judge Porter and his brother, Gen. Porter, who are the owners of the island. The original cost of the bridge was only about sixteen hundred dollars ; but, since its erection, there have been various expenditures upon it, making it to amount to much more.

Red Jacket.

The erection of this bridge has universally received the commendation of travellers. It enables them, with a trifling expense, to visit the island with safety and convenience ; an undertaking which, before, was attended with considerable expence and some exposure to danger. It has thrown open to the public view, one of the wonders of the world, which, to the greatest proportion of visiters, could only before be seen at a distance.

The income of the bridge is considerable, but no more than a fair return for such a work. Too much credit cannot be bestowed upon the genius that suggested the project, and so substantially executed it.

The celebrated Indian Chief, Red Jacket, passed over the bridge with one of the proprietors, shortly after it was completed. His sinister feelings towards white men, and his envy of their superiority over his brothers of the forest, are well known. As he walked along, the mingled emotions of hate, envy, and admiration, which rankled in his bosom, were expressed every little while, as he looked on the dashing waters, firm piers, and secure superstructure, with “—— Yankee,” “—— Yankee,” applying an epithet not proper to mention, though easily guessed,—one demonstrative more of spite than good will.

IMPROVEMENTS ON IRIS ISLAND.

Besides making a new and enlarged bridge to the island, in which work the proprietors are now engaged, General Peter B. Porter is adding some other improvements, which will considerably enhance the attractions

Improvements on Iris Island.

of this secluded place. The garden he is embellishing with much taste. He is enclosing a park, of eight acres, which he intends to stock with deer, and other native denizens of the forest. His fish-pond, which is almost completed, will be filled with fish from the river and lakes ; and not of less interest to the travelling gourmand, will be a poultry yard, of four acres, with all the suitable requirements for the noisy community, consisting of common fowls, ducks, geese, turkeys, the ever chattering peahen, and strutting peacock. A dam and small embankment is now in forwardness, to conduct a stream of water from the Niagara river to a reservoir ; thence to the fish pond, the garden, the park, and poultry ; and to irrigate the island in various directions. To these, the General intends to add a small, but elegant, romantic-like cottage, for occasional summer use.

Arriving at Bath Island, the travellers ascend the bank, enter the toll-house, and pay the charge of twenty-five cents each ; which gives the individual the privilege of visiting the island during his stay at the Falls, or at any time thereafter for the current year. They register their names, and look at the Indian and other curiosities, which are kept there for sale ; and generally make some purchases, as remembrances of the Falls, or for presents to friends or children.

Bath Island.

BATH ISLAND.

“ — The isle is full of noises,
Sounds ——— that give delight, and hurt not.”

A traveller thus speaks of this island : “ It is itself a curiosity worth beholding. To visit this, alone, would be worth the cost of the bridge which leads to it. Why, it is a perfect chaos ! How the waters rush and roar along, beating vainly against the impregnable rock to which it is fast bound. Those trees and green patches ; this broken surface and firm rocks are all in unison with each other. Nature has charms here, amid the boisterous waters of the Niagara, that I little imagined.”

This island derives its name from the baths which are kept there, comprising a shower bath, and cold and warm baths, according to the wishes of those who desire to use them. The whole area of the island is only about an acre and a half.

On the south side of the island is a paper manufactory, belonging to the Messrs. Porters. It is one of the largest and best conducted in Western New York, and in which paper is made with machinery, of the latest improvement. The rags are put in the engine, and are passed out through the machinery, in one continuous sheet of paper, dry and finished for use.

The islands observed just above Bath Island, are Sloop and Brig Islands. A foot-bridge formerly extended to them, and they were a favorite resort of visitors in the warm afternoons of summer. The shade of the trees, the commotion of the surrounding water, and the cool breeze that constantly agitates the air, make them, for social parties, a delightful retreat for an hour or two.

American Flag placed in the Rapids.

Having passed, with much admiration, the bridge which spans the beautiful and rapid piece of water which courses along, between Bath and Iris Islands, they arrive upon the latter island.

Before the bridge was built, Iris Island was visited by boats, running down between the two currents, to the upper point of the island. To strangers, the navigation appeared very hazardous, and it was not without danger.

In the severe winter of 1829, the great accumulation of ice, in the river, formed a communication from the main shore to the island ; and, though the bridges were then built, yet many persons, for curiosity and a ramble, preferred crossing over on the ice. In that winter, all the adjacent islands were accessible, and were visited by many persons ; and the American flag was planted on a ledge of rocks in the middle of the stream above Brig Island. There, surrounded by the dashing waves, it floated gallantly during the succeeding summer, to the admiration and wonder of strangers, of how it came there.

A DARING ENTERPRISE.

———— “ From a boy,
I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight.” ———

The most hardy and daring enterprise known of late years to have been performed upon the rapids of the Niagara, was undertaken by Mr. Joel R. Robinson and Mr. John Smith. There was observed to be in the river below Bath Island, hanging to the rocks, and waving in the water, something that had the appearance of cotton

A story.

cloth. These persons got a boat, and launched it in the river near the paper-mill floom. Robinson was to manage the boat, and Smith to secure the prize. They succeeded in going very near the point of the island which lies to the south-west of Bath Island, and just above the Falls. They secured two pieces of domestic sheetings, and returned in safety, Robinson having managed the boat over the driving and impetuous water in perfect self-possession, and with apparent ease.

Iris Island had been often visited both by the French and English, previous to the Americans coming in possession. The initials of names have been found upon the trees bearing a date as far back as 1742. In an old English magazine, it is related, that on a time two Indians were, by accident, cast on the island. They made ropes of the bark of trees, and passed down the lower bank to the river, but being afraid to enter in between the two sheets of water, returned. An ingenious French blacksmith, belonging to a corps of artificers, who were then in this quarter, seeing their suffering and perilous condition, constructed a pair of stilts, by which means he passed over safely to them, carrying them supplies; and by the same means finally succeeded in getting them off. The story is doubted, but it is not altogether incredible. Some years ago, the construction of a bridge over the roughest part of the river, to the same place, would have been considered more impracticable than the performance just mentioned.

On ascending the hill, from the bridge, three walks are presented: one to the right, leading to the Biddle Staircase and to the Horse Shoe Fall; the one in front, goes directly across the island; and the one to the left, passes near the edge of the bank, to the upper end.

The Grove.—The Hog's Back.

The party continue the jaunt, taking the road leading to the Biddle Staircase. It is the course usually taken. On advancing a short distance, they enter a lofty grove of trees, through which the walk passes for some distance. It is one of those delicious places for which nature has done every thing, and to which art can add nothing. The road that passes through it, accomplishes all that ever should be done, and the sound of the axe should never be heard upon these trees, to disturb the stillness which reigns around this spot, or to profane what nature seems to have consecrated.

As the road nears the lower end of the island, the height of the bank, from the edge of the water, increases; from which circumstance, it appears, this part of the island has received the name of the Hog's Back. The name is considered very inappropriate, and inapplicable; but, as some travellers have spoken of the Hog's Back, as being something peculiar, it has been thought proper thus succinctly to refer to it.

At the north-western corner of the island, there is a fine prospect of the river, of Canada, and of the American Falls, suitably so termed, as they are entirely within the United States. The actual boundary is in the centre of the river, between the island and Canada, and must be about the middle of the Horse Shoe Falls. By some means or other, the public have been led into a mistake on this subject, and it has been by many supposed that the principal Falls were in Canada. Some have even spoken of "the Niagara Falls, in Canada." The truth is, a portion of the Falls is exclusively in the State of New York, and also half of the main channel, as it constitutes the boundary line.

Prospect Island.

P R O S P E C T I S L A N D .

——— “ Where leaps
The torrent in its wild career,
While shake its barriers, as in fear.”

From the point of Iris Island, fronting the American Falls, descends a path towards Prospect Island, sometimes called Mrs. Davis' Island, as, while she was visiting the Falls, a foot-bridge was thrown over to it, and on its extreme point she planted a few seeds of the everlasting pea, which were observed, some years afterwards, in bloom, with their beautiful little flowers hanging over the side of the bank, near the Cave of the Winds. The bridge, to this island, is generally carried away in the winter, and replaced again in summer. It is worth crossing over, to ramble through the tangled evergreens, to look down the high bank, and enjoy the prospect which is there displayed.

I N G R A H A M ' S C A V E .

“ The weeping rocks distil, with constant dews;
The gushing waters pensive thoughts infuse.
Here a vast arch, the cavity so wide,
Scarce can the eye extend from side to side.
High o'er the roof alternate echoes wave,
And sound in distant thunders, through the cave.

This cave was first discovered by Joseph W. Ingraham, Esq. who gave it the name of Cave of the Winds, one as applicable as any that can be used ; yet, the public, desirous to award some meed of their esteem to the amiable discoverer, have, in many instances, evinced a

Ingraham's Cave.

desire to use his name, and call it Ingraham's Cave. It was first entered by Mr. Berry Hill White and Mr. Geo. Sims, of Niagara Falls village. They passed over the rocks, and through a part of the sheet of water. It was, they alleged, difficult and hazardous, but they acknowledged themselves fully rewarded in the new and magnificent scene which the lofty cavern presented. Mr. Ingraham soon afterwards visited it himself, and Horatio A. Parsons, Esq. and a few others, have since ventured in. It is represented to be near one hundred and twenty feet wide, about thirty feet deep, and a noble arch hanging over head eighty feet high, and the sheet of water rolling in front.

It is said to be quite an adventure to go under Table Rock : it is a much greater one, to visit this cavern.

The following beautiful lines are taken from Mr. Hooker's Album :

"Dread awe-inspiring cavern! 'Mong the new,
 Wild, wondrous objects that around I view,
 None strikes my soul like thee! Thou seem'st to me
 The very portal of sublimity!
 And nature—as if dreading to expose
 The hidden mysteries of her mighty throes—
 Hath thrown o'er thee a wide-spread, beauteous veil,
 Woven from the air-hung waters—snatched from out
 Their wonted channel for this strong avail—
 And dyed it with the loveliest tints throughout,—
 E'en fringed it with a rainbow! Mighty cave!
 What shall we call thee? What name couldst thou have
 More fit than his, who first thy depths did scan—
 First ope'd thy rocky doors to wond'ring man?
 Yes: while fierce winds thy vaulted arches sweep,
 And thy wild shores the rushing waters lave,
 Or thunder there terrific vigils keep,—
 Be thou for ever known as INGRAHAM'S CAVE!

A. H. P——, of Georgia."

The Biddle Staircase.

Of Joseph W. Ingraham, Esq. it may be here observed, that, on visiting the Falls, some years since, the scene became to him an object of so much admiration, that he made several journeys to them from the city of Boston, and devoted much time in making examinations and surveys ; and in philosophical and historical researches in relation to them. He afterwards published a valuable manual, for the use of visiters, and has been for several years engaged in a large work on the same subject, which the reading public have long looked for, anticipating that it will be a publication of much interest. The able character of the productions which he has already brought before the public, the materials that he has collected, and his distinguished literary abilities, are ample assurances that the expectations which have been formed, as to his large work, will not be disappointed ; and that his volume will be worthy a place in every man's library.

THE BIDDLE STAIRCASE.

The party, after their progress to Prospect Island, retrace their steps, and continue their route to the Biddle Staircase. This convenience, for descending the bank, was erected at the expense of Nicholas Biddle, Esq. It was a great desideratum to travellers, to be enabled to reach this part of the island, to range along over the rocks, and to advance near the sheets of water. The stairs are of the spiral form, well secured from the weather, and about eighty feet high. Near the foot of these stairs, at the edge of the water, Sam. Patch, in 1829, made two leaps from a platform, 97 feet high, erected

Horse Shoe Falls.

for the purpose. Sam. came off with credit here ; but shortly after, the poor fellow made two leaps at Rochester,—one from the height of 100 feet, and the other of 125. The last proved fatal : he did not rise, and was never found.

After the travellers have proceeded below, and gone as near the sheets of water on each side as they desired, and had pointed out them all the objects of interest, they return, and resume their walk along the brow of the bank.

THE HORSE SHOE FALLS.

——— “Thou fearful stream !
How do thy terrors tear me from myself,
And fill my soul with wonder ! ”

This sublime prospect opens to view suddenly, between the trees. The rainbow, seen below, encompassing a cloud of spray, is as beautiful, with all its mellow tints of coloring, as the same object appears after a summer's shower.

The rainbows are seen according to the position of the spectator with that of the sun. In the morning, they are viewed from this side ; in the afternoon, from the British side. At night, when the moon shines brightly, a lunar bow encircles the Falls, with rays well defined, but pale and murky. On such nights, large parties of visitors congregate on the island, and melancholy influences seem to pervade every bosom. They linger round, speak lowly, and appear wrapt in reflection. No noisv

Prospect Tower.

conviviality, no boisterous mirth prevails at such times, and no sound is heard, except the deep and hollow roar of the Falls.

That this is not an imaginary picture, every one who has witnessed the scene will allow.

In the centre of the Horse Shoe Falls, the water is of a pure green color, and is adjudged to be about twenty feet deep.

P R O S P E C T T O W E R .

This is a circular building, with an observatory on the top, built below the point of the island, among the Terapin rocks. From the observatory is presented a full view into the very midst of the great Falls, and into the chasm below.

“ It bubbles up, it gurgles forth, it hisses and it roars,
As when on raging fire a stream of gushing water pours;
Wild sheets of foam shoot through the air, waves thunder
towards heaven,
As forth from out the black abyss the billowy flood is
driven.”

The timber and fragments that are scattered around, are the remains of a bridge, built by Gen. Whitney, a part of which projected over the bank. It was on a single projecting timber of this bridge, that it was usual for Francis Abbott to walk, and, at the extreme end, turn on his heel and walk back.

Painful impression.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF VISITERS.

“ When nature’s might some wond’rous scene unfolds,
And awe-struck man the glorious work beholds,
In silence fix’d—th’ enrapt imagination—
More than loud words, shows forth its admiration.”

It is frequently inquired, what are the usual impressions of visitors? They are various. A very few think lightly of the Falls, or express surprise that others are so absorbed and pleased with them. The greatest remark such persons can make, is

“ Oh! what a place to sponge a coat! ”

Some are so much moved, as to form a lasting attachment, and visit them often, even from great distances. Others have been completely infatuated, and seem only to live in beholding this sublime work of nature, and in inhaling the pure though mist-impregnated atmosphere, which arises from the broken waters.

Some look upon the Falls with feelings of dread, and the impressions they leave on their minds, are those of terror. Many years since, when travelling, I fell in with a party at a public house. Niagara Falls happened to become a topic of conversation. “ The Falls,” said a lady who was present, “ I saw them three months ago, and, neither sleeping or waking, are they out of my mind: I hear them roar, and see them before me continually.”

Is their impression painful, or pleasant? ” I inquired. “ Oh, very painful and distressing! They are dreadful! ” was her reply.

Winter scenes.

When a party of Indians, from the far West, were on their return from Washington, they were brought this way. When they saw the Falls, they evinced emotions of reverence, and cast their pipes, wampum, and several trinkets, in the water, as offerings to the Mighty Spirit of the place.

Many gentlemen have expressed themselves as experiencing very strange sensations, while beholding the Falls. Fear — a perception of weakness — trembling of the nerves; but the predominant sensations are those of reverence.

Traveller. — “Such sensations are becoming the place; for who can look upon these rising clouds, this rush of many waters, these walls of solid rock, and this fathomless abyss, without reverencing Him who made them, and upholds them still.”

WINTER SCENERY.

—— “Who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?”

The Falls, in winter, present a very different appearance from that of any other season of the year. Large quantities of ice accumulate in the river below, which, gradually gathering in the eddies with that which is brought from above, join together, and form a natural bridge. This bridge of ice extends, frequently, to within a short distance of the sheet of water, and to the rapids, two miles below. It is in places from twenty to forty feet thick. On the rocks, such large quantities of

Winter scenery.

snow and congealed mist collect, as to form pyramids, reaching almost to the upper surface of the Falls. On the perpendicular banks, are suspended huge icicles, of the most fanciful shapes, which are white as alabaster, and appear at a distance like magnificent columns. But the most beautiful sight is the spray congealed upon the surrounding trees and shrubs. Every branch is incrustated. It looks like a forest of coral, but of dazzling whiteness. Towards the close of the day, in winter, when the rays of the declining sun passes through the rising cloud of mist, it appears as if tinged with burnished gold, or as a bright flame of fire, floating in mid air. This, with the trees, in their dress of perfect whiteness, makes the scene so novel, so strange, that it appears like fairy-work, or as one of enchantment. Nothing is wanted but the ice palace of Catherine of Russia, to make it like a perfect winter paradise to the eye. The eye only can be delighted; to every other sense, it is the very essence of frost and cold — of vapor and glittering snow: a meet place for ancient winter's court.

Travellers who have visited the Falls, in the winter, say that when the trees are thus arrayed, the views afforded are superior to those of summer. Just to look on, for a short period, it is, indeed, unequalled; but you must soon hurry away to the warm rooms of the hotels. In summer, you can ramble through the groves, where nature is clothed in her beautiful dress of green, and fruits, of every shade and color, hang invitingly on the surrounding boughs: then, you pass from scene to scene — “all nature smiles.” Nothing can compare with summer.

SHRUBS AND PLANTS.

It has been reported, that there are many plants found on Iris Island, not common to the surrounding country. This is not correct ; but there is, certainly, in the small space of the island, a greater variety of plants to be obtained, than at any other place. For this reason, many visitors are in the practice of collecting herbariums of such as they fancy.

There is one peculiarity reputed of this island, which is a desideratum vainly desired at many places. It is, that there are here no musketoes, or other insects, to annoy or interrupt the repose of those who seek these secluded bowers.

This has been contradicted ; but, in support of the assertion, an individual, who has resided for over twenty years at the Falls, states that, during that time, he has not seen a dozen musketoes, nor been bit by one ; and that he has often visited the island, and never observed an insect of this description on it.

The party, in advancing along the path, by the side of the river, come to a place where the walk is suddenly terminated by the caving in of the bank.

The river, at this spot, has made advances on the shore several hundred feet ; and the road, which a few years ago was made to encircle the island, is here for some distance washed away. The water is continuing its devastating power, most forcibly. A large piece of the island will soon be carried over the Falls, or a new channel will be formed, dividing it in two.

Vessels sent over the Falls.

VESSELS SENT OVER THE FALLS.

“ Like thee, full many a gallant bark
Hastes on its fated way ;
The wave, the gulf, the cavern dark,
Ope’ to receive their prey.”

The party, being on a position that commanded a view of the vessels going down the river and passing over the Falls, some account of them is usually requested. The schooner Michigan, an old merchant vessel, of lake Erie, was dismantled, with the exception of the masts, and rigging enough to hold them up, and sent over in September, 1827 ; and the Superior was sent over in October, two years after. They were towed to the centre of the stream, between Navy Island and Canada, and let loose. The Michigan came majestically along ; figures, representing men, were placed at proper stations, and a number of animals, both domestic and wild, were on board.

The putting of animals on board, for certain destruction, for mere amusement, was not generally approved ; but, in extenuation, it was said that none had been taken but the useless and vicious, and such as would have been destroyed, if they had not been selected for this purpose.

Onward the vessel floated, the river was smooth, and all was quiet on board. The poor animals, having been tormented as they had passed through the hands of the vicious and unfeeling, tired and worn out, had laid themselves on the deck and in corners, to rest. She arrived at the first descending swell, and passed down gallantly. All was yet in repose on board ; she came to a more

Moss Island.

rapid descent ; was tossed to and fro, and the animals were seen running about from one place to another. Bruin was more actively engaged than others, amid the doomed throng ; he took an observation from the rigging, which he ascended, and then returned to the deck. Still very near the centre of the river, she passed along. Another, and a greater pitch is made — her bow points towards the Falls — she rocks from side to side — vainly she labors to pass the rocky reef : — the masts go by the board. One deep descent more : she groans harshly over the verge — her bow descends, and with an astounding crash, falls upon the rocks ; she breaks in two, in the centre — the timbers sink to the water's edge — and the whole moves on, — a floating, broken mass, and pass over the Falls. The bear, and one or two other animals, reached alive the Canada shore, above the Falls : all the others perished. Between 15 and 20,000 persons came together, to witness this sight.

The large vessel, called the Superior, which was sent over in 1829, did not proceed in its voyage of destruction in such gallant style. She lodged on the rocks, and remained there for several days, and went over unobserved, except by two or three persons. In this instance no animals were put on board.

MOSS ISLAND.

“ In beautiful wildness it whirls away,
Wasting its wealth in feathery spray.”

The walk round the island passes near to the beautiful stream of water, which runs on the north side of Moss Island. This stream is overhung and enshrouded with trees and evergreen shrubs, whose leaves dip in the sil-

The Hermitage.

vered water as it glides along. In its course, there is a most lovely water-fall, in miniature, and which Francis Abbott used as his shower bath. The adjacent spot is called Moss Island, on account of the mossy and velvet-like appearance of its surface. On this island, Abbott wished to build a rustic cottage. As he described it, it was to be of rough materials, with latticed windows, and to be covered with moss and evergreen creeping vines. To the island he proposed to have a bridge, in unison with the cottage, with a draw attached to it, that, when he desired to be alone, he might be secure from all intrusion, and be himself the master of a small and solitary domain.

“Recluse, and hid from every eye,
Save that of smiling heaven.”

Such additions would have been quite an attraction, and the hermit, himself, a great curiosity. He appears to have been just the kind of man required to animate these wild romantic scenes. On the subject, he observed, himself, “On some of the great estates in England, where the proprietors seek to give a romantic interest to their possessions, a forest or some retired glen is chosen, where a hermitage is erected, and a man hired to play the hermit. When the owner passes over his estate, with his friends, the hermit, with his flowing beard, and dressed in antique costume, receives them at the hermitage.” He would conclude, by saying—“I desire to live alone: I voluntarily wish to retire from the world. It suits me not to mingle with mankind.”

The islands lying beyond Moss Island, are not accessible, excepting in some severe winters, when the ice and snow is driven around them, and dammed the water

Navy Island.

off ; at such times they have been visited by a few persons. The little island which lies between this and the Canada shore, and which just rises above the water, is called Gull Island, from the circumstance of its being the resort of great numbers of birds, of that species. There they live secure and unmolested by man.

Some years ago, a bridge from the island to Canada, to pass over Gull Island, was a favorite project with some gentlemen.

It would have been a great undertaking ; and, if completed, a curiosity not less interesting than the Falls.

Having arrived at the head of the island, where an unobstructed prospect of the river is presented, several objects are elicited by the inquiries of travellers. They are comprised in the notices which follow :

NAVY ISLAND.

“ There is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep wave, and music in its roar :
I love not man the less, but nature more.”

This island contains three hundred acres of land. It belongs to Canada, the main channel running between that and the American shore. Opposite to Navy Island, is Street's point, in Canada. It was once a navy yard of the British, and late the residence of Captain Usher, one of the persons concerned in the Caroline affair, and who was assassinated in December, 1838.

The Low Family.

THE LOW FAMILY.

“ Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave —
Gushed, warm with hope and valor yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.”

Prior to the last war, and before Navy Island was adjudged to belong to the British, Mr John Low made some improvements, and built a house on the eastern end. He resided there with his family. They were Americans by birth and in principle, and of very respectable character and connexions. When the war broke out, they left the island, and took up their residence on the mountain, near Bloody Run. At the battle of Queenstown, so unfortunate to the American Arms, old Mr. Low promptly volunteered, as one of the pilots, to conduct the boats. While thus employed, he was fatally wounded, and died soon after.

His son, John, at the time of his father's death, had just engaged in the practice of the law, in the county of Niagara ; but gave up the prospect of a lucrative practice to serve his country, and accepted a lieutenancy in the army.

In the disastrous close of the year 1813, when the destruction of all the villages and settlements on the Niagara river was effected by the combined forces of the English and Indians, Lieut. Low was at old Fort Schlosser, of which, however, there was then, and has been since, nothing remaining but the name. The British force that scoured along the border, was overwhelming. The lieutenant, with a few men, waited the approach of the enemy, and made such resistance as they could. He was shot, and his men saved themselves by flight.

William Chambers.

After the soldiery had secured the plunder, they took the body of Low, and laying it on a table in the hall of the ancient Schlosser house, set the building on fire. This, and all the other houses in the place, were consumed.

A brother, by the name of Vincent, when the war was over, entered the military academy, at West Point. About a year after, on the occasion of firing a salute, the cannon burst, and he was killed. His monument at West Point records the melancholy event.

WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

“No voice comes to him o'er the vast of waves,
But the wild dashing of the unrelenting surge.”

In the accounts of the affair of Navy Island, an old woman is mentioned as being the only inhabitant when Mackenzie's men took possession. She was the widow of William Chambers, an individual among the early settlers of the country, of some notoriety. He was one of those persons often found upon the frontier of two nations; sometimes living in one, and at another time living in the other; taking a part equally with citizens or subjects in political affairs, and entering with interest in matters and things incident to the nation in which he happened to be. In Canada, a most loyal subject: in the United States, most vociferous in support of the dominant party.

At the commencement of the war with England, he resided in the United States, a few miles in the rear of Fort Niagara. At one period, he was suspected of car-

William Chambers.

rying on a correspondence with the British, but no evidence appeared against him. When, however, the country was overrun by the enemy, he remained at home unmolested; and he and a few others, after that period, kept up a communication with them, at Fort Niagara. It was not generally believed that his intercourse with them was of a criminal character. With his neighbors, he passed as a very easy, obliging man, designing evil to no one.

He was one of the pioneers of Niagara county, and a genuine leather-stocking. He was among the first that opened the woods on the lake shore, at Eighteen-mile Creek. He would frequently sell out, as is usual with persons of his description, and realizing a small profit on his labor, would pay off his debts and commence anew.

His last residence was at Navy Island, under the jurisdiction of Canada: his principal occupation was hunting, trapping, and fishing. Grand Island, and the other islands in the river, abounded with game. The muskrat was the chief object of pursuit, being the most numerous and affording the best return; coons were also plenty—the meat was acceptable, and the skins sold readily. The mink, the fox, and the otter, afforded him more valuable furs. To these, he occasionally added the deer, the bear, and wolf.

He had arrived to near sixty years of age, when, one very stormy night, in the month of December, he and another person came to a farm house, near the river, about seven miles above the Falls. They said they had been up the river, and had purchased a barrel of whiskey, which they had with them in the canoe. They staid an hour, and at nine o'clock, departed. They were advised

Expedition to Navy Island.

to remain : the severity of the storm, the darkness of the night, and the danger of the river, were urged upon them ; but Chambers was confident in his ability to “get over the bay.” In one sense, he was over it then, or “half seas over.” They would go : they launched their frail canoe in the rapid stream : for a moment only, after leaving the shore, they were distinguishable — they were then lost in the driving tempest ; and men or canoe were never more heard of. They went over the Falls.

THE EXPEDITION TO NAVY ISLAND,
AND STEAM-BOAT CAROLINE.

“ Night’s blessed spell hath now
Lulled every sound of earth in slumber deep.
The sad heart hath awhile forgot its woe—
The weary frame its toil ; but such sweet sleep
Brings not its balm to soothe this fevered brain and brow.”

About the middle of the month of December, 1837, twenty-eight men, principally Canadians, with Rensselaer Van Rensselaer and William Lyon Mackenzie, went on Navy Island. They called to them the patriots of Canada, and all others the friends of that cause. In the space of three weeks, between three and four hundred responded to the call : some from the United States, and some from Canada. They brought with them arms and provisions. They staid on the island for one month, and then, at their own choice, left it, and not in fear of their opponents. Opposite to them, were assembled five thousand men, consisting of British regulars, incorporated militia, and a body of Indians and Negroes. Bat-

Steam-boat Caroline.

teries were erected, and balls and shells were, at intervals, cast upon the island. The islanders were incessantly in a state of danger and alarm ; yet they would, at times, provokingly return the fire, still they remained unattacked. For a month, a raw, undisciplined band of men, in the severity of winter, with no shelter but such as they then constructed, and miserably clad, set at defiance and laughed at the overwhelming force, which lay so near to them, that they frequently conversed together. Let justice be done to them ; and, however by contending parties they may be differently esteemed, there must be awarded to them the praise of being as enduring and as brave a set of fellows as ever assembled together. They left the island because the United States would not countenance them, and in accordance with the wishes of American citizens, who interposed to effect their dispersion. An expression of one of the leaders, before leaving, was — “ I fear not my enemies, but my friends.”

There is an occurrence, connected with the Navy Island affair, painful to relate.

The steam-boat Caroline came from Buffalo, on the 29th of December, it was said, to ply as a ferry-boat between Schlosser and Navy Island. It passed, that day, forth and back several times, and before sun-down was brought to at the wharf, at Schlosser, and moored for the night. At that place, there was but one house, and that a tavern. The warlike movements between the patriots and British, had drawn to the frontier, through motives of curiosity, a great number of persons. The tavern was crowded — lodgings could not be obtained — and several persons, observing the steam-boat, sought for accommodations on board, and were received. In the middle of the night, the watch, for a watch on board steam-

Beacon Light.

boats is usually kept, saw something advancing on the water. He hailed, but before he could give the alarm, a body of armed men rushed on board, shot at the sentinel, and all they met, crying — “Cut them down !” “Give no quarters !” No arms were on board of the boat ; no attack was expected ; and no resistance was made. Some got on shore uninjured ; others were severely cut and dangerously wounded. One man was shot dead on the wharf, and twelve were missing, either killed, or burnt and sunk with the boat.

They towed the boat out in the river, and set it on fire ; the flames burst forth ; it drifted slowly, and its blaze shone far and wide over the water and adjacent shores. On the Canada side, at a distance above Chipewewa, was burning a large light, as a signal to those engaged in the expedition. In a short time, an astounding shout came booming over the water : it was for the success and return of those who had performed this deed.

The beacon was extinguished. The Caroline still moved on, and cast its lurid light far and wide, clothing the scene in gloom and horror ; and just below the point of Iris Island, suddenly disappeared. Many of the wrecked and charred remains were, the next morning, floating in the current and eddies below the Falls.

In justice to both sides, it should be stated, that the accounts of the different parties connected with the destruction of the Caroline, differ entirely from each other, as to the character of the vessel, the resistance made by the persons on board, the number killed, and in various other particulars. These the author leaves to be settled by the politicians of the two nations. The account which he has adopted, is the one first impressed upon the American public : if it is not correct, he does not hold himself responsible for it.

Grand Island.

OWANUNGA, OR GRAND ISLAND.

"Here, lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods."

This island is twelve miles long, and between six and seven wide. It lies mid-way between the Falls and Lake Erie, and contains 17,000 acres of land. It is principally covered with large and valuable timber, and the soil is rich and productive.

In 1816 and 17, a number of persons, from the United States and Canada, went on this Island. They marked out the boundaries of their different possessions; elected magistrates, and other officers, from among themselves; and gave out that they were amenable to neither government, but an independent community. After the question of boundary was settled, the State of New York passed a law to drive them off; but that was not effected till the severe measure was resorted to, of destroying their houses, which was done by the sheriff and posse of Erie county.

Grand Island was selected by Major Noah, of New York, on which to build a city, and establish a colony of Jews, with the view of making it the Ararat or resting place of that dispersed people. There it was anticipated that their government would be organized, and thence the laws would emanate which were again to bring together the children of Israel, and re-establish them as a nation of the earth. The European Rabbi did not sanction the scheme, and it vanished as a day-dream of the learned and worthy projector.

A rich company, from Boston, have since become the proprietors; and the great improvements they have made, evince a noble spirit of enterprise.

Burnt Ship Creek.

BUCK-HORN ISLAND.

At the north-eastern point of Grand Island, lies Buck-Horn Island. It is long and narrow, and contains one hundred and fifty acres. It was occupied first by David Mudget, a veteran officer of the American Revolution. He made a small improvement; but, obtaining a pension, in 1819, he removed. It has since been occupied as a farm, by Mr. Warren Kent.

Burnt Ship Creek lies between Buck-Horn and Grand Island. In 1759, the French, in preference of their vessels falling into the hands of the British, burnt them at this place. Their remains are yet observable, and considerable iron has been obtained from them; and, not long since, some timber, sufficiently firm to work into walking canes.

Two miles from the Falls, and near the steam-boat landing, is Corner's Island.

Three miles further, and opposite Cayuga Creek, is Cayuga Island.

Six miles further, and opposite Tonawanda, is Tonawanda Island. Between that and Lake Erie, there are several others, of greater or less magnitude.

The next object to which the attention of the traveller is directed, is Porter's store-house, or the steam-boat landing. It is the end of ship navigation, on the American side of the Niagara, and is the proposed point for the commencement of the great ship canal, around the Falls; a work which the extensive and populous countries on the upper lakes are requiring, and will urge forward until accomplished.

Fort Schlosser. — Jaunt concluded.

At this place, the persons going on the Navy Island expedition, embarked ; and it is there that the steam-boat *Caroline* lay, when she was cut out.

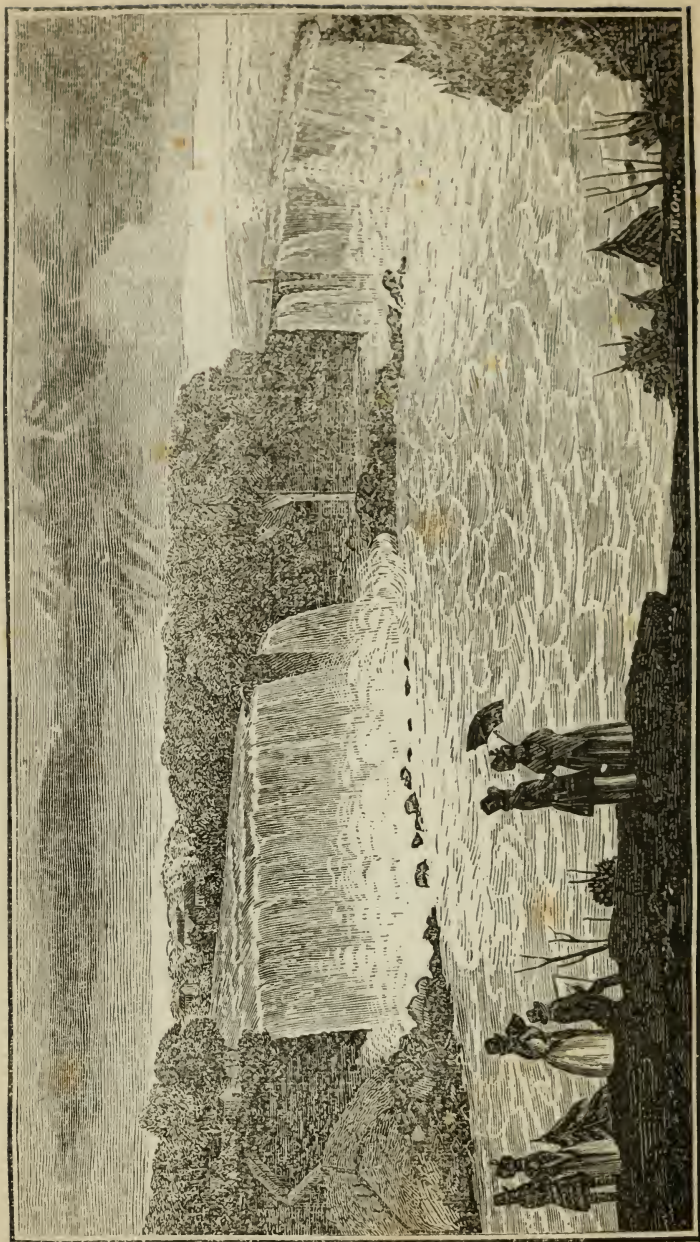
Nearly a mile below the landing, are the remains of old Fort Schlosser. The name is derived from the German, and means castle. It was anciently a stockade, built upon banks slightly raised above the plain. From the remains, it appears that there were two fortifications contiguous to each other, and of similar construction. In a historical memorandum and map, in 1755, before the country was subdued by the British, it is marked "Store House" only. The site is now a cultivated field, and the grounds have been frequently ploughed over.

The party move on, and pass the house where Francis Abbott for some time resided, and stop at a place where the earth has been excavated. Here, several human skeletons have been dug up. How they came there, is matter of conjecture.

The enclosure, which is seen at the left, is a garden, which the proprietors of the island have stocked with the choicest kinds of fruit trees, intended, when they arrive at maturity, for the use of visitors.

From every part of the upper end of the island, a fine view is presented of the village of Niagara Falls, and intervening rapids.

The travellers return to the bridge, and the jaunt round the island is ended.



Niagara Falls, from Canada near the Clifton House.

A JAUNT
TO THE
WHIRLPOOL,
DEVIL'S HOLE,
TUSCARORA INDIAN VILLAGE,
AND
FORT NIAGARA.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

“ Ah! terribly they rage!
The hoarse and rapid whirlpool's there! My brain
Grows wild: my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying water.”

If the Falls of Niagara did not exist, the Whirlpool would be the most distinguished curiosity afforded by the Niagara river; and, in the estimation of many, greater than any of present notoriety in our country. Every one, brought up in or near the city of New York, must be familiar with the far-famed and much dreaded strait called Hurl-Gate, formerly Hell-Gate. The horrors of that place are well known to all youthful imaginations, and the dread of the “frying-pan and pot” can hardly be eradicated by more mature observation. But pass once from the East river to the wild and rushing Whirlpool of Niagara, and the imaginary terrors of Hurl-Gate will pass away: on your return, the strait will appear placid, or only seem agitated as with a summer's breeze.

Even the great Maelstrom Whirlpool, of Norway, is not more dangerous than that of Niagara; none have passed the vortex of either, nor fathomed their depths. For the satisfaction of those who visit the Whirlpool of

Preliminary notice.

Niagara, a short description of the Maelstrom is inserted in this work. It is from the pen of an American gentleman, who visited the place he describes. If any travellers to the American Whirlpool would wish to experience all the sensations of danger and peril which came over those who passed the disk of the Maelstrom, they have but to launch a boat on the Niagara, and attempt an excursion, for examining more closely the whirling waters. In so doing, they will truly peril their lives, and feel sensations of terror, to their hearts' content; or the waves of Niagara will make buoyant their bodies, and infuse courage, more than natural, in the hearts of those who ride over them.

OLD PORTAGE ROAD.

"Bear me, Oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens."

The party at the Falls having taken seats in the omnibus, or having engaged a barouche or carriage, are on their way to the Whirlpool. After riding one and a half miles, they come to the junction of the Lewiston road with the Niagara Falls and Schlosser roads. In former days, this road was the great thoroughfare between the lower and upper lakes. When all the surrounding country was wild and solitary, unimproved, and uninhabited except by the natives of the forest, this road exhibited a scene of busy life. It was crowded with teams, with animals and men, and all was activity and animation. Since then, it has greatly changed: the Erie canal opened a new communication, and the Wel-

Gad Pierce.

land canal, in Canada, connects lakes Erie and Ontario. These works have drawn the business from the Portage road ; and now, although the country through which it passes, is improved and productive, it is far more lonely than it was in former days.

G A D P I E R C E, E S Q .

“ Who does the utmost that he can,
Does well, — acts nobly : angels could no more.”

At the junction of the Portage with the Niagara Falls road, was, some years since, kept the public house of Gad Pierce. He was, in the time of the war with Great Britain, an active frontier partizan. When hostilities commenced between the two countries, there was a very small number of troops on the American side of the river, and a single company only to garrison Fort Niagara. It was expected, every night, that the fort would be attacked by the British, who had a large body of men at Fort George. Mr. Pierce, aware of this state of things, one day raised all the inhabitants of the country, far and near,—young and old. The country was then thinly populated, and they assembled at Lewiston from several miles distant. Horses of every kind were brought into requisition, and when the citizens were mounted, they appeared at a distance like a formidable troop of cavalry. Among them, too, were several of the Tuscarora Indians, who entered with spirit into the manœuvre. In the place of swords, they used walking canes, sticks, and ramrods. Several of the ramrods were of polished steel or iron, which made a very bright and flashy appearance.

A cavalcade.—An attack.

The cavalcade moved from Lewiston, along the river road, in sight of the enemy, and entered Fort Niagara ; the blankets of the Indians fluttering in the wind, and the many-colored and various habiliments of the farmers ; the limping and over-strained plough horse ; the nibbling gait and twitching head of the wild pony ; with now and then a noble horse of the Pennsylvania breed ; formed, to those who were near, a most ludicrous spectacle. In the fort, they dismounted, and performed some slight evolutions in the most laughable style. At the command to mount, some of the Indians executed the order in such a masterly manner, as to throw themselves entirely over their ponies. To the British, the imposing appearance of the troops, with their steel ramrods, which glittered in the sun like broadswords, had the desired effect : the contemplated attack was not made.

At the time of the general invasion of the frontier, Mr. Pierce had his family conveyed to a place of security, but would not himself quit his premises. He, and three or four others, formed the little garrison, with which he determined to defend his house. They waited for the approach of the enemy. At length, a company of British regulars appeared in sight, and a fire was opened upon them. They continued the defence for some time ; but, as their opponents were numerous, it was impracticable to keep them at a distance. A part advanced upon the front of the house, succeeded in breaking down the door, and fired their pieces as they entered. The defenders effected their escape in an opposite direction, without an individual of their number being wounded. Whether the attacking party suffered any loss, was not known.

Mineral spring.

MINERAL SPRING.

Two miles from the Falls, a small open building, painted white, with Grecian columns, is pointed out by the guide, as one of the works of Benjamin Rathbun. It stands between the road and the river, and is placed over a mineral spring. The spring is sulphurous, and the water, it is said, very much resembles that of Harrowgate, in England. In rheumatic and scrofulous diseases, it has been used to advantage, in several cases; and it only requires interested and suitable efforts, to give it celebrity and favor with the public. The situation, too, is very pleasant, and a distinct view of the Falls is obtained from the road—the view which Capt. Bazil Hall so much admired, and which so vividly, he says, remained fixed upon his mind. After all, to Rathbun must be awarded the credit of having a very sound judgment in making his purchases. He selected the most choice and valuable situations; and, had it not been for his unfortunate aberration from the path of rectitude, his high expectations, as to value, would have been realized.

Traveller.—“Is the property still his?”

Guide.—“It has gone with the general wreck of his estate; and it now belongs to the gentleman of whom it was first purchased.”

As the party roll along the road, they desire of the Guide, a description of the Whirlpool. He complies with the request.

Description of the Whirlpool.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

“Imagination, baffled, strives in vain!
The wildest streams that ever poets feign,
Thou dost transcend! There is no power in song
To paint the wonders that around me throng!”

This grand and beautiful scene is three miles from the Falls of Niagara, and four miles from the village of Lewiston.

Standing on the right bank of the Niagara, two hundred and fifty feet above the river, you behold at a distance the advancing waters; not mild and gentle, but agitated, rushing, and roaring, with deafening sound, they hurry on. They come, in all their power: majestic, solitary, and alone. No vessel, or work of man's formation, floats on the raging torrent: nothing of life rides over the resistless waves, or floats unscathed on the mist-crowned billows. This mighty flood is more lonely and mysterious than the solitary ocean. Man passes with comparative security over the vasty deep; but, on these waters, living, he must not: he is powerless. They rage, in their solitude, alone,—for ever; and man can only behold them with emotions of awe, and reverence that Almighty Power “who weighs the hills in a balance, and holds the waters of the ocean in the hollow of his hand.”

Still forward, in wave after wave, rushes the resistless flood; and all that floats therein, is peeled, dismembered and crushed. If an object is beheld, it is but for a moment: swiftly it passes the hollow of the crested waves—rises amid the feathery mist—and then, again,

Fragments of vessels.

in an instant, plunged below. It remains for some time immersed from sight ; and, if it again appears, it will be still more wrecked and broken.

The river widens, opposite the spectator ; and, on the Canada side, a counter current, equal to the main channel, rushes up the stream. A large basin of warring water is presented to the eye of the rapt beholder. He sees the great Niagara, pouring therein the accumulated waters of a thousand rivers and lakes, and driving, with irresistible impetuosity, against the rocky shore of Canada ; and the counter current, with equal power, passing in an opposite direction. With absorbing interest, he observes, between the contending currents, the deep engulfing eddies, and the yawning whirlpool. There he sees huge masses of timber, dismembered trees, the fragments of vessels and water craft, the wrecks of all that has passed the Falls or the cataracts of the river above. They go round, and round ; they gradually approach the centre ; then they are drawn in, and are swallowed up in the deep vortex of the stream. After a while, at a distant point, they are propelled upward, and again renew their circuit, and again are drawn below. Sometimes trees, and logs, are ejected upwards with so much violence, as to raise one end several feet perpendicularly above the water. Objects drawn in the Whirlpool, have been known to remain there for several weeks.

The whole expanse of water lies below the spectator ; his eye seems to take in the whole scene ; and no opening or outlet for this vast and constantly increasing flood, is observed. Sometimes, travellers, who, in past years, visited this place without a guide, returned disappointed. They did not see the Whirlpool at all ; but, mistaking a rapid portion of the Niagara, something similar in ap-

New view.

pearance, a quarter of a mile above, their expectations of the magnitude and interest of the scene, were not answered. Others have seen the Whirlpool, but not all about it ; not having turned the point, to feast their eyes upon the fine and noble view of the retreating waters, or not having descended the bank, to the edge of the stream, as it thunders along.

The traveller should pass a few paces to the north, and at the turn of a point near the brink of the precipice, direct his attention beneath. There he beholds, what at first appears a small, dark and heavy stream ; like some deep and narrow mountain torrent ; but unlike the great Niagara, so much the object of admiration. For some moments, the illusion is complete. The Whirlpool and its foaming eddies — its deep gulfs and encircling waves, are all forgot ; and the imagination is seized with rapture and surprise, at this unexpected and newly discovered scene. He advances — the reality is discovered : this is, indeed, the Niagara, escaping, as it were, from its prison house. The charm is not immediately dissolved ; the great river is contracted to a very span ; the opposite shore of Canada is within a stone's throw ; and the deep waters are literally poured out from the broad basin of the Whirlpool. The inquiring traveller, with mind unsated with what he has seen, and desiring to behold more of the wonders of nature, will descend the precipitous bank, when new views will be presented, alike interesting and exciting.

When the waters are at their usual height, the visiter can, where the river disgorge from the Whirlpool, walk out from the shelving bank, to the very verge of the passing torrent. He can there, if his nerves are steady and strong, dip his hands or bathe his feet in the deep, green,

Suspension bridge.

impetuous flood that rushes along ; but, to do so, he must be firm, or, at beholding the advancing waters, hearing their astounding roar, and glancing at the fluctuant current, the head may become dizzy, and, like other daring unfortunates, he may fall a victim to the dark and troubled waters of Niagara. The more wary traveller will retreat a few yards, and try his strength to cast a stone to reach the opposite shore of Canada ; a feat which has been done by the sinewy sons of the farmers of Niagara.

The Whirlpool is a place combining many objects to interest ; but, at times, the spectacle is not alike imposing. When the water is at its usual height, or rather lower, the eddies and vortices are the largest, and the scene then appears to the best advantage. After a storm, when bridges have been carried off, vessels shipwrecked, boats torn away from their fastenings, and trees and logs swept down from the upper lake, then all the terrors of the place are presented, and it is only inferior to the great cataract of Niagara. The two scenes are alike the result of the stupendous congregation of waters, which irresistibly passes through the mountain gorge, from Schlosser to Lewiston ; but there is no similitude existing between them.

At the outlet of the Whirlpool, the banks of the Niagara river approach each other nearer than at any other point ; and if a suspension bridge should ever be erected over the Niagara, nature seems to have designated this spot as being the most suitable, as it is here the most practicable.

The prospect.

Having arrived at the grounds on the east side of the Whirlpool, a gate is opened, and a private carriage road leads to the bank of the river, which is distant half a mile from the main road. Before coming in sight of the river, the road enters a bowery of forest trees, the close and luxuriant foliage of which forms a cool and sombrous shade, very refreshing to travellers, in the prevailing heats of summer.

Two buildings, the one a summer-house, the other a refectory, mark the place at which the party are to alight. Preceded by the guide, they advance to the bank of the river.

One of the party inquires — “Where is the Whirlpool?”

Guide.—“This is the place. From this point, you perceive the waters approaching, with great velocity. They pass before us, towards the shore of Canada; then they divide, part passes off to the right, but a large portion is propelled back, forming the counter current; between that and the main channel, are the eddies and the Whirlpool.”

Traveller.—“Observe those logs and trees, how they are hurried round.”

Guide.—“By looking through this prospect-glass, you will distinguish more plainly the logs and timber; which, from the distance we are from them, to the naked eye appear quite small. With this, you will also perceive the magnitude of the vortex around which they are carried. To view the Whirlpool advantageously, a glass should always be used.”

The lady who first used the glass, confirmed the recommendation of the guide, by saying — “It is, indeed, a very great help. I could not have formed a right conception of the Whirlpool, without its use.”

The outlet.

“ These are, as the boiling waves that whirling vortex
near,
Sucked far adown its darkling depths their waters disappear.”

After contemplating the prospect for some time, with much satisfaction, inquiry is made — “ What course does the river take, from this ? ”

The guide leads the way, saying — “ We will advance a short distance. Now look below.”

Traveller.—“ Saint Mary ! what a scene is this ! ”

One of the ladies.—“ How beautiful and clear, and yet how powerful and rapid ! With what commotion it bounds away ! Is this a branch of the Niagara ? ”

Another lady.—“ I hope that we walk not on enchanted ground. The object before me is so unexpected, so new, that I am charmed with the view ; though I grow dizzy in looking down to the deep chasm which opens before me.”

Guide.—“ Still move a few steps closer to the bank, and you will perceive that the stream below is truly the Niagara. Its sudden turn, the contraction of the channel, the high and approaching banks, and the dark and swelling water of the outlet, strikes every one with sensations of admiration.”

Traveller.—“ Tasteless to the marvellous and surprising beauties of nature would he be, who can behold these, her noble works, without emotion.”

“ Nature here

Wantons in her prime, and plays at will
Her virgin fancies.”

Guide.—“ These are the points spoken of, as being practicable to connect together by a suspension bridge.

Stone thrown to Canada.

Though the inhabitants of Lewiston and Queenstown have companies incorporated for that purpose, and seriously contemplate to build a bridge to join their villages, yet the distance across the river, at Lewiston, is much further than here."

As nearly all the travellers, that visit the Whirlpool, descend the bank, and consider themselves well paid for the trouble, the party conclude to go down.

The guide leads the way, and with some labor and exertion, though not more than is healthy exercise, they descend. He conducts them to the Smith Rock, against which dashes the powerful and resistless current.

"Here," he observes, "a young man, by the name of Samuel Whitner, of this township, threw a stone that struck the Canada shore."

Several of the party, being disposed to try their skill and strength, make the same attempt. Whether they succeed or not, has not been reported.

Traveller.—"I think I have seen it mentioned in some publication, that there is a cave near the Whirlpool. If worthy of notice, we will visit it."

The guide acknowledges that he is ignorant of its location; that he knew but one person who had visited it, and his account was very vague and unsatisfactory; stating that he entered but a short distance in the cave; that it was very dark, and that he did not like to go in alone. The same person also said, that he observed, near the cave, many valuable mineral specimens; and, that spot not having been visited by travellers, he thought more minerals might be picked up, than at any other place. The cave, he said, was about 30 rods up the river from the path that descends the bank. The guide expresses a desire to lead the party in that direction, and

Improvements proposed.

explore it out ; but, the route appearing very difficult, the offer is declined.

The almost impenetrability of the trees and bushes, the rocks hanging dangerously above, and the necessity of climbing and again descending many steep and forbidding passes, have, as yet, prevented a full exploration of this place ; but, the grounds around the Whirlpool having come into the occupation of Mr. Walter E. Hulett, a most public-spirited man, it will be different for the future. He intends making the descent down the bank more convenient, to examine the whole vicinity, to remove obstacles that impede the movements of visitors, and, without affecting the wild, romantic aspect, yet, to make every place accessible that visitors may desire to view. Heretofore, no person has resided near the Whirlpool, and there was no accommodation or provision for the comfort of travellers. Mr. Hulett intends to establish such accommodations, as will make the place in all respects agreeable for a more protracted stay, to those who may desire to tarry, than has heretofore been the case.

One of the party expresses some surprise, that this water power has not been brought into use ; “ the rapids, though larger, are similar to those above the Falls, and they may be controlled in the same way.”

Guide.—“ The hill, or high bank, appears to be the only obstacle.”

Traveller.—That, now, is of but little consequence, as power may be used at almost any distance, by means of the elasticity of the air, confined and conveyed in cast iron pipes.”

Return to the upper bank.

Some of the party seek for new and strange plants, for this place, like Iris Island, produces many varieties, not readily found in other parts of the country.

“ And midst the craggy piles and boulders, here,
Wild plants and trees, with verdant tops, appear ;
Uncommon herbs, peculiar to the place,
Peep through the fissures, and the prospect grace.
Here the sage botanist delights to stay,
And in deep study wile the time away.

Having spent an hour below the bank, in rambling over the rocks, and engraving their names upon the trees, they retrace their steps. Arriving at the top of the hill, they proceed along the upper bank, for a quarter of a mile or more. Here are presented some noble views of the formidable river, driving furiously along.

“ Thou seest not all : but piecemeal thou must break
To separate contemplation, the great whole ;
And, as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye, so, here, condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts, until thy mind hath got, by heart,
Its eloquent proportions, and unrol,
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which, at once, upon thee did not dart.”

Having traversed the shore, till wearied with the walk, they return to the summer-house, where they seat and rest themselves. While enjoying the cool retreat, and the beauty of the prospect, the conversation is still on the scene before them. - One inquires — “ Do you not suppose it possible to cross the river, here, in safety ? ”

The guide replies — “ No one has ever thought it possible ; though a life boat has been spoken of, and, if

Maelstrom, of Norway.

obtained, there is a person at the Falls, by the name of Joel R. Robinson, a most skilful waterman, who would not hesitate to attempt it."

To which, another gentleman adds—"With such a boat, no doubt, it might be accomplished. While looking at the Whirlpool, of Niagara river, my thoughts have been drawn to the Maelstrom, of Norway; contrasting the two together, to discover if there is any resemblance between them; but I find none." An American gentleman, who sailed along the edge of the Maelstrom, says—"The waves foamed around us in every form. The sensations I experienced, are difficult to describe. Imagine to your yourself an immense circle, moving round, of a diameter of one and a half miles, the velocity increasing as it approximates towards the centre, and gradually changing its dark blue color to white—foaming, tumbling, rushing to the vortex—very much concave, as much so as the water in a tunnel when half run out; the noise, too, hissing, roaring, dashing—all pressing on the mind at once—presented the most awful, grand, and solemn sight I ever beheld. It is evidently a subterranean passage. From its magnitude, I should not doubt, but that instant destruction would be the fate of a dozen of our largest ships, if they were drawn in the same moment."

A lady remarks—"As to the foaming, tumbling, dashing, and roaring, our eyes and ears must witness that the scene before us cannot be surpassed; but the great peculiarity of the Maelstrom, the tunnel-like appearance, is not found here; still, of all the beautiful and romantic places along Niagara's stream, nature's matchless handiwork, this spot comes most up to my estimation of the picturesque, combined with the grand and solemn."

Benjamin Rathbun.

Traveller.—“ If the improvements were made, of which the place is susceptible, it would make a beautiful country retreat. The grounds, west of the road, I would enclose as a park ; the forest part should be cleared of the under-growth, leaving here and there, dense as it now is, a clump of indigenous shrubs and plants, as impervious as nature has reared them. The whole should be intersected with roads and walks ; steps, also, to descend the bank ; a bathing and fishing house ; a life-boat on the river ; and a suspension bridge, from bank to bank. The water power should be brought into use, in carrying on mills and manufactories ; and my cottage should be in the midst of the active and rural scene.”

Guide.—“ To which could be added a view of the Falls, at a distance, if the woods on yon point of land at the south, in Canada, were cut down. This place was one of the favorite purchases of Rathbun, and on which he very justly placed a high value. It was he who erected this summer-house, and the other building which you observe. It was his design to carry into effect many of the improvements which you have just mentioned.

BENJAMIN RATHBUN.

“ Say, why we strive a lustrous name to gain,
And live in fame, for vain ambition's sake ? ”

As there is, at almost every important point in this vicinity, some work remaining of the taste and enterprise of this individual, of so much notoriety,—and so many inquiries are made relative to him, it is proper to give to the public such notices as have come to the know-

Tavern-keeper, merchant, and banker.

ledge of the author. Perhaps no more strong delusion ever came over the public mind, as to any man, than prevailed in reference to Rathbun.

In 1816, he kept a public-house at Sherburne, in the state of New York. Near his tavern, he had a store of goods : he also issued notes, as a private banker. His store was fitted up in a superior style, and the interior of his public-house was really a model, and the admiration of travellers. It was much in advance, in appearance and in general accommodations, over the other public-houses of the country.

He soon after failed ; and, much reduced, he sought for employment in another part of the country. It is stated, that the relations of Mrs. Rathbun proposed that she should return to them, her husband being alike bankrupt in property and character ; but she declined the offer, preferring to share adversity as well as prosperity with the man of her choice. He first came to Niagara Falls, and proposed to get a public-house built for his occupation there ; but, relinquishing that idea, he succeeded in obtaining charge of the Eagle Tavern, at Buffalo. Under his management, the reputation of that house was soon raised from a very low state, to one of the highest character. He enlarged the buildings, and erected adjoining ones. Every thing he did, was in good style. As a landlord, he became eminent ; all that called on him, were pleased, and commended him to others. His bar was said to be stocked with the choicest wines ; his table was abundant ; his beds, the best evidence of a well kept house, every thing the weary traveller could desire ; and his servants were the most attentive and obliging. It was, in those days, a luxury to be a guest at the Eagle Tavern. The citizens of Buffalo were

Rathbun — career begun.

proud of such a public-house, and of such a landlord ; and well they might : he was a credit to the calling in which he was engaged, and was an honor to the place.

While his hotel was so well conducted, many were his guests that came and went away, without seeing the landlord, to know him ; yet were delighted with his house. He moved through it quietly and unobtrusively, directing about every thing, and seeing to the comfort and accommodation of his company, without their notice.

To Benjamin Rathbun, more than any other man, the public, in every portion of the United States, are mainly indebted, for raising the standing and character of our public-houses to their present splendid condition.

In 1831, he was employed to build the banking-house of the United States Branch Bank, at Buffalo. He had been rapidly gaining in character and credit ; and he now fairly commenced on the extraordinary career which he afterwards run. Having correct ideas, as to buildings and improvements, he met with ready encouragement from an enterprising people. First, he erected houses for others, on contract ; then he gradually commenced to buy lands, and build for himself. As he made improvements upon the lands he purchased, every new acquisition, as soon as it was known to be in his hands, rose in value, and carried up all the property in the neighborhood. Hence arose the great Buffalo speculations, which crazed the head of every body. He was extolled for his superior discernment and capability for business. It was said, " His affairs went like clock-work." " He has a most perfect system." " He knows the value of property better than any man in Buffalo." Whenever he fixed his eye favorably upon any

Rathbun — heavy operations.

spot, speculators were alive to overbid him, and obtain the bargain. The inhabitants of the surrounding, and even distant villages, courted his acquaintance, and solicited him to make purchases among them; for the fact of his making a purchase in any place, was at once the cause of property advancing to double and treble its former value. At length, he was called "the mighty operator," "the Girard of the West"; and, it was added, "Buffalo will erect a statue to his memory." "He has laid his hands on the most valuable property in the city and country." "He is worth more than two millions of dollars." Some few had apprehensions that his condition would not turn out so well, and hinted, that, after all, he might fail. "No, he wont fail," would be the reply, "and if he should, the people of Buffalo will sustain him." The wisest and soundest men in the community sank beneath him in the public estimation; and even such, seemed to have parted with their wits, as they fell in his train, lauded his talents, favored his magnificent undertakings, and certified as to his success. He was flooded with the offers of property, of bargains, and of plans and enterprises. No important work could go forward without his aid, as one of the proprietors, or managers. His name was considered as a sanction — the guarantee of successful operation. The multiplicity of his business became such, that those who called on him could have but so much of his time; and the highest in society thought it no disparagement to run round the city after him, and then wait their turn to address him. Now it was said "He can do any thing." "He hath the power of a sultan."

During his whole career, he lived in good, but not ostentatious style. Sometimes a party would be got up,

Rathbun — his character.

of the fashionables, to go to the Falls ; in that case, there would be a little more show. The carriage, or sleigh, that carried his family, would be the richest, the harness the most elegant, and the horses the most noble ; his whole equipage outshining all the rest. And why should it not have been so ? All others sunk themselves to pigmies by his side ; all eyes sought for him ; “ he was the admired of all.” He was the theme of every body’s conversation. Phrenologists discovered an extraordinary contour in the formation of his head, and developments of capacity far exceeding any they had ever noticed in other subjects.

On the day of the great sale of lots, at Niagara Falls, in August, 1836, in which his fate was deeply interested, and when the whole story of his frauds he knew would soon be published to the world ; when the burthen must have pressed upon his mind like molten lead ; yet, he was still active, pointing out to his agents what sections to sell, and mingling with the purchasers. A gentleman, of much knowledge of mankind, to whom Rathbun was unknown, desired to have him pointed out ; and, after seeing and observing him for some time, he said — “ How much more active and able Rathbun appears than **** *,” mentioning the name of one of the wisest and most active men in the country. Such was the delusion that prevailed with all, as to the estimation of Rathbun’s character and ability. None felt himself demeaned by awarding to him superior and excelling powers. It is not wonderful, that in beholding the general infatuation, he, too, should become beside himself.

“ Great wits are, sure, to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.”

Rathbun — his fall.

His own schemes of ambition were boundless, and, besides, he had the visionary views of others based upon him ; and he became the broad colossal pillar that sustained the speculating mania of that time. He was flattered into an opinion of the perfectness of his judgment, and was made to believe that he was worth millions. Still, he was in want of the means to carry into effect all his sunny visions, or yet there remained to be secured some favorite speculation ; and, in an evil hour, the course was commenced that destroyed him.

Nothing can be said in justification of such conduct ; yet, it is charitable to believe, that it was his intention to cancel every liability. As he daily had brought to his notice, the immense value of his estate, doubtless he vainly supposed he could, at any hour, sweep away every vestige of fraud. But the volcano, on which he reposed, burst forth, and plunged him into irretrievable ruin ; leaving his buildings, his improvements, and all his valuable acquisitions, to be sacrificed, and to become the property of others.

Rathbun committed no frauds to lavish the avails in debauchery, or in criminal pursuits of any kind. Very industrious ; regular in his habits, and attached to his family, he lived quietly in his own domestic circle ; devotedly beloved by his wife, a very amiable woman, and esteemed by all his intimate acquaintance. He was just in his dealing with those who labored for him, settling with them, and paying them with great regularity. A course so honest and commendable, made him very popular with his workmen. His great aim appears to have been to give celebrity to the name of Benjamin Rathbun, and that he sought to do, by the erection of fire-proof stores, spacious dwelling houses, noble hotels,

Rathbun — a proposition.

and magnificent exchanges, and to beautify and adorn the country by useful and elegant improvements. The building of rail-roads, mills, factories, and steam-boats, all were among his operations, or entered into his plans. For accomplishing objects like these, his offence was committed, and not for any criminal purposes. He erred greatly, in not at once acknowledging the charges against him, and in not throwing himself upon the mercy of the court, and commiseration of the community. Such boundless ambition, however directed, can never be approved.

The ends of justice have now been answered : he may again be an useful man. Let his friends ask for the remission of the further penalty of the law. Let them do more : let them, at some suitable place, build an hotel, equal if not surpassing any in the United States, and make Rathbun the landlord. Such an act would be kindness to him,—would confer a favor upon those who travel, and the proprietors would soon find their stock profitable.

The party have resumed their seats in the carriage, and have concluded to extend their ride.

Devil's Hole.

BATTLE OF THE DEVIL'S HOLE.

“Once this soft turf, this riv’let’s sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd;
And fiery hearts, and armed hands,
Encountered in the battle cloud.”

A mile from the Whirlpool, the road runs within a few feet of the river’s bank, where a deep and gloomy chasm is rent or worn out of the rock. This is called the Devil’s Hole, and the small stream which crosses the road and falls in the chasm, is the Bloody Run.

In 1759, while the war was yet raging between England and France, a detachment of one hundred British regulars were conveying a large supply of provisions, beef cattle, and munitions of war, to Fort Schlosser. Indians were employed by both parties. Those in the interest of the French, had been for some days hovering unobserved about the British camp, and when the convoy set out, they were on the alert. At this place, they formed their ambuscade, and never was there a spot more favorable for such a manœuvre. The road passed down a small hill, and continued on a level for about a hundred rods, when it again rose on higher ground. The northern portion of the road is now slightly varied. The ascents were united by an elevated ridge of level land, which was covered with wood, and commanded the road for the whole distance. On the right of the advancing party, was the high bank of the Niagara river, and on the left the ridge, and at each extremity the two small hills. The party, unsuspecting any attack, moved forward on the road ; when the front of the detachment

The ambuscade.

reached the end of the ravine, the Indian fusees were opened upon them with deadly aim ; then followed the dread war-whoop, as if a thousand wolves were howling and yelling around them. Indeed, their assailants were more fierce and ferocious than the wild beasts of the forest. Many of the soldiers were killed at the first discharge, and the others were thrown into hopeless confusion. The Indians fell like tigers upon the drivers, tomahawked them in their seats, and threw them under foot. The wagons were backed off the precipice, and men and cattle fell with the loading in one dismembered and mutilated mass below. Some threw themselves from the bank, and fell mangled and dying on the rocks ; others lodged in the branches of the trees, where they remained, disabled, until the affray was over, when the savages at their leisure despatched them. The horror of the scene can be but faintly imagined. The quick report of the fusees, the yells of the Indians, the bellowing of the cattle, the shrieks of the wounded and dying, mingled with the monotonous roar of the surges of the Niagara, which rose from below as in mockery of the the folly, the strife, and dying groans of men. The brook that courses over the bank, ran red with the blood of the slain. A person, by the name of Stedman, escaped by cutting the bridle of his horse, which an Indian had seized. The horse fled with him up the small stream, and came again to the Niagara river, at the mouth of a creek now called Gill Creek. The heirs, or representatives of this man have since set up a pretended title to the tract of land which he encompassed in his retreat, bounding west on the Niagara river, and say that the Indians gave him the land, as "a medicine," for his loss at the Devil's Hole. No deed or confirmation of

Four persons escape.

title being produced to our courts, the claim was not admitted.

Stedman's brother threw himself down the bank, and was fortunately, without injury, caught in the top of a pine tree ; thence, he descended to the water's edge, and by swimming in some places, and scrambling through brakes and over rocks in others, he succeeded in reaching the landing, now Lewiston. Two other persons, only, made good their escape : all the others were destroyed. Until of late years, pieces of the wagons, and other evidences of this bloody discomfiture, existed ; but they have now entirely mouldered away.

At Colt's tavern, four miles from the Falls, a road strikes off to the east, which leads to the Indian village. As the travellers turn to the right, the guide points to the next rising ground in sight, on the Lewiston road, and observes — “ there resided an honest old Dutch farmer, by the name of March. When the British and Indians made their destructive incursion on the frontier, information did not reach him in season to make his escape. While he was harnessing his horses, a party of Indians rushed upon him, and murdered him on the spot. While the bloody deed was going on, in front of the house, the family effected their escape to the woods. A scouting party of Americans, some days afterwards, passing that way, found his own hogs eating his body. Such are the abhorrent scenes which war presents.

The Indian Village.

TUSCARORA INDIANS.

“ That cliff, methinks, the Indian cry
Peals from its summit, shrill and high.”

They are a part of the tribe of Tuscaroras, formerly inhabiting North Carolina. They came to this country about the year 1712, and joined the five nations. The whole formed the warlike confederacy called the Six Nations. They live on a tract of land ceded to them by the Senecas, of one by three miles, and also 4328 acres deeded to them by the Holland Land Company. The United States, in 1837, purchased out their interest, and they are to be removed to the west. They number only, at this time, 283 individuals. Their present principal chief is Thomas Chew, the son of an Englishman.

Our party having arrived at the village, look into the wigwams ; make such observations, and take such notes of the customs and manners of the inhabitants, as a short and hasty visit affords ; purchase some articles of Indian manufacture ; or, perhaps, seek an introduction to the venerable chief Sacarissa, who was a commissioned officer in the American army, in the revolutionary war. If it be Sunday, the travellers attend the place of public worship, where, besides the interest afforded by the sermon of the missionary, they will hear it translated to the natives, in their peculiar guttural language ; and also hear singing, of the most superior order. The Indians are, justly, much extolled for their fine voices. They are very fond both of vocal and instrumental music.

Among their distinguished men, there was one, some time since, by the name of

An Indian Speech.

LITTLE CHIEF.

Immediately after the declaration of war by our government, in 1812, about a dozen of the sachems and principal men of the village, with much formality, called on the commanding officer of Fort Niagara. The officers of the fort assembled at the commandant's quarters, and being seated, Little Chief thus expressed himself :

“ John Mountpleasant, a noble Indian,”

“ He says,” spoke the interpreter, “ that Captain Bruff was the first American that took possession of this fort. He received it peaceably from the hands of the the British. He and his troops resided here in peace ; there was no war, no trouble. He went away : he left the fort strong as he got it. He did well.”

“ He says,”—“ Next came Major Revardi, and still there was peace. These fortifications remained firm and strong : there were no enemies to approach them. He went away : he left all things as he found them. He did well.”

“ He says,”—“ Then came Captain Wiley : yet there was peace. Friends passed from one side of the river to the other : the warriors rested on their arms in security, and there were none to call them to battle. He went away. He, too, left the fort strong. He did well.”

“ He says,”—“ After him, came Major Porter : yet there was peace. He also went away. He left all things as he found them. He did well.”

“ He says,”—“ These all did well. You came next. You found the fort strong. You have been here in peace. You, too, have done well. Now, war has come. This fort is of great importance to the United States. Those that came before you, did well in peace. You must do well in war.

An Indian adventure.

He says,"—" We have come to tell you, that we are the friends of the United States : we are as one people. We wish to offer our services to you : our warriors will do all they can : they hold themselves ready to fight for this country. When you need us, call, and we will come."

The commanding officer made a suitable reply, stating that if their services should be required for defensive purposes, the government of the United States would inform them. After Great Britain had set the example of employing Indians, the Tuscaroras were called upon, and no Americans behaved better than they did, during the remainder of the war.

The travellers leave the village, and descend the mountain towards Lewiston.

AN INDIAN ADVENTURE.

"In voice, mein, gesture, savage nature spoke."

Just below the mountain, and to the right of the road which descends from the Tuscarora village, lives Mr. Sparrow Sage. He had, on the 19th of December, 1813, in the distressing invasion of this frontier, been driven from his home. For the purpose of securing his harvest, he, the summer after, returned with his wife, to their exposed and solitary dwelling. One day, when he was at work at some distance in the fields, an Indian, attached to the British cause, entered the house. He demanded something to eat, speaking in broken English. Mrs. S. was entirely alone, and immediately obeyed his bidding, being in hopes that he would, after eating, go away.

An abduction.—The rescue.

After he had finished his repast, he told her that he lived at Grand River, in Canada, and that he had come after her to go with him, and she must be his squaw. She replied to him, that could not be, for she had a husband. "No, no," he angrily said, "You very pretty—you must be my squaw—you shall go." In vain she told him that her husband and others were near by; that he had better go away, or he might get killed. The Indian then took down Mr. S's gun, and finding it not loaded, put it up again. Afterwards, he ransacked the house, commanding Mrs. S. not to leave his sight, and keeping his eye upon her. He first appropriated to himself all that he could carry; then, seizing her forcibly by the arm, he dragged her out of the back door, and thence towards the woods, in the direction of Fort Niagara, then in the occupation of the British. The husband heard the screams of his wife, and hurrying towards the house, seized an axe which was lying at the door, and followed in pursuit. He came up to them at the fence, on the border of the forest. Not letting go his hold, the savage fired at Mr. S. as he ran towards them. His ball did not take effect; and, just as he was raising his victim to throw her over the fence, he received a blow from the axe which broke his rifle, and made him let go of Mrs. S. He then, consulting his own safety, leaped over the fence; but, in doing so, he received another blow from the axe, which made him fill the forest with his yells, and he made off with all the speed he could, into the thick woods. Mr. S. did not think proper to pursue, but, returning with his wife, they immediately left their dangerous habitation for a place of greater security.

Another adventure.

Mr. William Molyneux, the father of Mrs. S. had, the winter before, occupied the same residence. About a month after he and his family had been obliged to flee from their homes, he returned very cautiously. He entered his house, and found two Indians lying dead on the floor. A party of American militia-men had come upon them unexpectedly, while they were carousing upon the good fare and liquors which the occupants had left. They were, no doubt, abroad for murder and destruction, and met the fate which they intended for others. Mr. W. dragged their bodies from the house, and as he had no aid or time to bury them, he formed round them a large pile of logs and rails, and, setting fire to it, they were consumed. The British Indians considered it quite an affront, and threatened vengeance. It was an empty threat, for they had already done him all the mischief they could.

AN ESCAPE FROM INDIANS.

“ Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,
That neither spares nor seeks for life.”

Another incident, which occurred on the memorable invasion before alluded to, took place on the Ridge Road, a few miles east of Mr. Molyneux's public-house. The roads had been deeply broken up, and were frozen in that state, and it was impossible to proceed with wagons; a very little snow enabled the inhabitants slowly to move along with sleighs. They were fleeing from a relentless and cruel enemy. The rear of the fugitives was brought up with a two-horse sleigh, driven by a young man, who

Death of an Indian.

was walking by the side of his horses. In the sleigh lay his brother, who, one week before, had had his leg amputated just below the thigh. His condition was very feeble, and to proceed rapidly, rough as the roads then were, would have been death to him. There was no alternative, but to continue the moderate pace at which they were moving. The driver was armed with a rifle. At that, and distrustfully behind him, he alternately looked; for he knew the foe was near at hand. At length, the war-whoop, with its accompanying yells, broke upon their ears. The disabled brother besought the other to leave him to his fate, and by flight to save his own life. "No," he replied, "if we are to die, we will perish together." The party of Indians that pursued them were in full sight; and one, far in advance of the others, called to them to stop, making threatening gestures, and raising his rifle. With the same slow pace, the horses proceeded; the driver, coolly collecting himself for the conflict, in which there were such fearful odds against him. The Indian sprang forward, and was within a few paces of the sleigh, when the young man, suddenly turning himself, quickly raised his rifle, and firing, fatally wounded his pursuer. The savage plunged forward, fell, and his body rolled out of the road. A yell of vengeance, from the band in the road, came like the knell of death upon the brothers. At that moment, a friendly party of the Tuscaroras were seen descending the adjacent mountain; and the well-directed fire they opened on the British Indians, obliged them precipitately to retire. The driver of the sleigh was the Hon. Bates Cooke, and the invalid was his brother, Lathrop Cooke, Esq. Mr. B. Cooke, at the battle of Queenston, was pilot of the boat that led the van on that occasion; the

Village of Lewiston.

boat was brought to the exact point designated, and the men, though fired upon by the sentinel who gave the alarm, were landed without loss.

The party approach Lewiston. The summer after this village was burnt, the prospect all around was like one extensive meadow. Nearly all the fences in the fields had been destroyed by our own troops, at different times, while encamped there, or passing through; but, at the time it was burnt by the British, the destruction was general: nothing was left that would burn; and the life of no creature was spared that could be destroyed. Not only the fields, but the yards and streets were covered with high grass, and the prospect was lonely and melancholy in the extreme—not a living creature was to be seen. A spirit of wanton cruelty had caused the enemy to destroy all that they could not carry away. Little swarms of small yellow butterflies, flitting about above the tall grass, marked the spot where the carcass of some creature lay, where it had been shot down or perished. What scene can be more gloomy, than a once populous country depopulated, and laid waste by the ravages of war!

As you enter the village, directly fronting the road from the Falls, formerly lived sergeant Thomas Hustler, one of Gen. Wayne's old veterans. He carried about, for many years, a ball in his thigh, which he received in battle. He kept a public-house, one of the best of those times; and the grateful beverage of old mother Hustler's good coffee, is yet remembered by many an old traveller; and many a sleigh-ride, and jaunt of pleasure, was made by the officers of Fort Niagara, to the public-house of the old sergeant.

Five Mile Meadow.

A little further in the village, lived a respectable physician, by the name of Alvord. When the Indians entered Lewiston, carrying before them terror and death, he was preparing to fly from the danger, but he was too late; as he was mounting his horse, they shot him down, and scalped him.

Lewiston was, in 1805, named after Governor Lewis, of the state of New York; it was burnt in 1813, and is now a beautiful and flourishing village.

FIVE MILE MEADOW.

“Come, tread with me you changeful dells,
Where beauty into grandeur swells.”

This beautiful and valuable situation, celebrated in the early days of the country, as well as in the present, is between one and two miles below Lewiston, and five miles from the Fort. Hence its name. It is the residence and property of Captain Nathaniel Leonard, formerly of the United States army.

At the close of the last war, he retired to this place, esteemed as the most attractive and pleasant of any on the river. Here, in the midst of a beloved family, in the improvement and cultivation of his farm, and in the confidence of his many friends and neighbors, he has lived happily for many years, and truly verified the adage, that

“The post of honor is a private station.”

Youngstown is a village, also, lying by the side of the Niagara river. It is one mile from Fort Niagara, and

Fort Niagara.

old Fort George, in Canada, is directly opposite. It derives its name from John Young, an American merchant, living in Canada, who is the principal proprietor. Here is kept the only ferry to Canada, between Lewiston and Lake Ontario. A horse boat is maintained. In summer time, it is very pleasant crossing ; but, in winter, if the ice runs, there is danger.

FORT NIAGARA.

“Hoarse barked the wolf; the vulture screamed afar;
The angel pity shunned the walks of war.”

This fortress is in latitude 43 deg. 14 sec. N. In 1679, a small spot was enclosed by pallisades, by M. De Salle, an officer in the service of France. In 1725, the Fort was built. In 1759, it was taken by the British, under Sir William Johnson. The capture has been ascribed to treachery, though there is not known to be any existing authority to prove the charge. In 1796, it was surrendered to the United States. On the 19th of December, 1813, it was again taken by the British, by surprise ; and in March, 1815, again surrendered to the Americans. This old fort is as much noted for enormity and crime, as for any good ever derived from it by the nation in occupation. While in the hands of the French, there is no doubt of its having been, at times, used as a prison ; its close and impregnable dungeons, where light was not admitted, and where remained, for many years after, clear traces, and a part of the ready instruments for execution, or for murder. During the American revolution, it was the head-quarters of all that was barbarous, unre-

Fort Niagara.—Mess-house.

lenting, and cruel. There, were congregated the leaders and chiefs of those bands of murderers and miscreants, that carried death and destruction into the remote American settlements. There, civilized Europe revelled with savage America; and ladies of education and refinement mingled in the society of those whose only distinction was to wield the bloody tomahawk and scalping-knife. There, the squaws of the forest were raised to eminence, and the most unholy unions between them and officers of the highest rank, smiled upon and countenanced. There, in their strong hold, like a nest of vultures, securely, for seven years, they sallied forth and preyed upon the distant settlements of the Mohawks and Susquehannahs. It was the depot of their plunder; there they planned their forays, and there they returned to feast, until the hour of action came again.

Fort Niagara is in the state of New York, and stands on a point of land at the mouth of the Niagara river. It is a traditionary story, that the mess-house, which is a very strong building and the largest in the fort, was erected by stratagem. A considerable, though not powerful body of French troops, had arrived at the point. Their force was inferior to the surrounding Indians, of whom they were under some apprehensions. They obtained consent of the Indians to build a wigwam, and induced them, with some of their officers, to engage in an extensive hunt. The materials had been made ready, and, while the Indians were absent, the French built. When the parties returned, at night, they had advanced so far with the work, as to cover their faces, and to defend themselves against the savages, in case of an attack. In progress of time, it became a place of considerable strength. It had its bastions, ravines; its ditch and

Fort Niagara.—Grave yard—black hole.

pickets ; its curtains and counterscarp ; its covered way, draw bridge, raking batteries ; its stone towers, laboratory, and magazine ; its mess-house, barracks, bakery, and blacksmith shop ; and, for worship, a chapel, with a large ancient dial over the door, to mark the hourly course of the sun. It was, indeed, a little city of itself, and for a long period the greatest place south of Montreal, or west of Albany. The fortifications originally covered a space of about eight acres. At a few rods from the barrier gate, was the burying ground ; it was filled with memorials of the mutability of human life ; and over the portals of the entrance was painted, in large and emphatic characters, the word "REST."

It is generally believed, that some of the distant fortresses of France were often converted into state prisons, as well as for defensive purposes. There was much about Fort Niagara, to establish the belief that it had been used as such. The dungeon of the mess-house, called the black hole, was a strong, dark, and dismal place ; and in one corner of the room was fixed the apparatus for strangling such unhappy wretches as fell under the displeasure of the despotic rulers of those days. The walls of this dungeon, from top to bottom, had engraved upon them French names, and mementos in that language. That the prisoners were no common persons was clear, as the letters and emblems were chiselled out in good style. In June, 1812, when an attack was momentarily expected upon the fort by a superior British force, a merchant, resident at Fort Niagara, deposited some valuable articles in this dungeon. He took occasion, one night, to visit it with a light ; he examined the walls, and there, among hundreds of French names, he saw his own family name engraved, in large letters.

Fort Niagara.—William Morgan.

He took no notes, and has no recollection of the other names and memorials ; he intended to repeat his visit, and to extend his examination, but other avocations caused the subject to be neglected ; and it was not brought to mind again until of late years, when all was changed. In further corroboration that Fort Niagara had witnessed scenes of guilt and foul murder, was the fact that, in 1805, it became necessary to clear out an old sink attached to the mess-house. The bones of a female were found therein, evidently, from the place where discovered, the victim of some atrocious crime.

There were many legendary stories about the fort. In the centre of the mess-house was a well of water, but, it having been poisoned by some of the former occupants, in latter years the water was not used ; and it was a story with the soldiers, and believed by the superstitious, that at midnight the headless trunk of a French general officer was often seen sitting on the curb of the old well, where he had been murdered, and his body thrown in ; and, according to dreamers and money-diggers, large treasures, both in gold and silver, have been buried in many of the nooks and corners of the old fort. Many applications used to be made to the American officers, to dig for money, and persons have been known to come from a considerable distance for that purpose. The requests were, of course, refused.

Of late years, matter of fact has been more strange than romance. William Morgan was kidnapped from the jail in Canandaigua ; carried in a post coach, undiscovered and by violence, for more than one hundred miles, through a populous country ; the perpetrators, at the time, unsuspected ; was lodged in the magazine at Fort Niagara, for three or four days ; and then was never

Fort Niagara.—John Carroll.

more seen. He was the last human victim offered up in these recesses of oppression and blood. What future scenes are to be acted in this useless and ruinous old fort, time will divulge.

In the palmy days of Fort Niagara, before the last war with England, and while in possession of the United States, the commanding officer was the principal man in the surrounding country for many miles ; and the lieutenants and under officers, men of considerable importance ; but the show and eclat of military command have vanished, and the farmer, the mechanic, and the man of business, fill, independently and respectably, their allotted stations. From many of the former occupants of Fort Niagara, several characters might be selected, a descriptive notice of whom would be interesting to general readers : some, for their true nobility ; others, for their meanness ; and some, for peculiarities especially their own. But one character, however, will be, for the present, noticed, and he of no higher rank than that of an army musician.

JOHN CARROLL.

“ A poor old soldier ——
The very name their loves engage.”

Whether he was brother or cousin to Carroll, the famous Irish harper, is not known ; but, like him, he was of all things devoted to music and whiskey. One morning, Carroll played the troops, on parade, a very sprightly tune ; the commanding officer threw up his window, and called out “ Carroll, what tune is that ? ”

Fort Niagara.—John Carroll.

“What the devil ails you, sir?” replied Carroll.

“You old rascal! What tune is that?” the officer again vociferated.

“What the devil ails you, sir?” was the response.

“Come up here, you scoundrel, I will learn you to answer me in that way,” was next.

Carroll hastened to the room, but was very careful to say, as soon as he opened the door, “Sir, the name of the *chune* is what the devil ails you.”

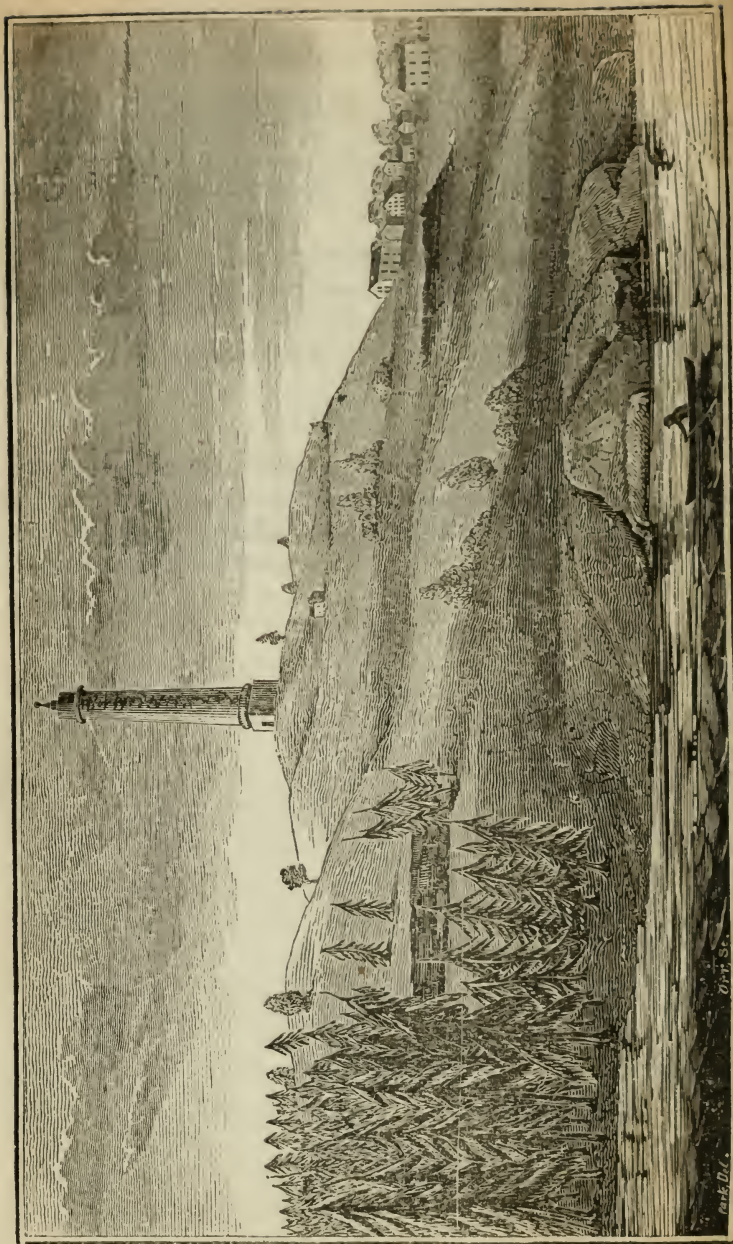
“Go about your business,” said the Major.

One day, when Carroll had been paying his devotions too freely to Bacchus, in the use of his favorite beverage, and staggering on the parade, made a ludicrous figure in playing the retreat. The commandant gave him a personal reprimand, and threatened him with confinement. Carroll was not then in so beggarly a state as to bear censure patiently, but felt as great as his officer, and as rich as a lord. He first retaliated in words, but shortly became so furious and ungovernable, as to make it necessary to confine him; and, what was very unusual, he was conveyed and locked up in the black hole. In the middle of the night, the most dismal sounds were heard from the place of his confinement; and orders were given that he should be looked to. He was found in a piteous condition; declaring that he had been visited by all the hobgoblins, and all the devils in existence; that they came to him immediately at his entrance, and had haunted him all the while he had been confined. He begged that he might be allowed a light, his fife, and pen, ink and paper; that, by employing himself in some way, he might be able to drive away the horrid thoughts and phantoms that assailed him. His request was granted. In the morning, when he was released, and

Jaunt concluded.

met the other musicians, he produced them a tune which he said he had composed during the latter hours of his confinement. He called it "Carroll's thoughts on eternity." Besides this, he composed several marches, waltzes, and other pieces; none of which have ever been published. He died in 1812, of the epidemic which at that time prevailed in the army.

Having accompanied the party of travellers to some of the most interesting places below Niagara Falls, on the American side, the author, bestowing his best wishes upon them, takes his leave.



York St.

View of Brock's Monument, Greenston Heights.

JAUNT TO CANADA.

VISIT TO

TABLE ROCK, BROCK'S MONUMENT, &c.

WITH NOTICES OF

QUEENSTON, FORT GEORGE,

&c.



C A N A D A .

“ Princes and lords may flourish or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.”

That portion of Upper Canada, designated in the despatches of Gen. Brown, as the peninsula lying between lakes Ontario and Erie, bounded east on the Niagara river, and extending west about one hundred and fifty miles, is one of the finest tracts of country in North America. The soil is fertile, the climate salubrious, and the scenery beautiful. Besides being bounded on three sides with navigable water communication, there also passes over it many fine streams and rivulets. The state of improvement is very respectable : the whole tract is only equalled by Western New York, whose inhabitants, in enterprise, are yet considerably in advance of those of Canada. The settlements, on the western side of the Niagara river, took place during and immediately after the war of the revolution. On the American side, except at these points, it commenced much later, and large tracts of the native forests are still remaining. The first settlers to this part of Canada, were from the northern and western borders of Pennsylvania, and New York ; Butler's rangers ; the followers of Sir J. Johnson ; and others, who preferred the paternal govern-

Impressions of travellers.

ment of Great Britain to the republican institutions of the people. The proximity of the two countries, the same language, and similarity of pursuits, have so assimilated the inhabitants, that a stranger, not knowing the political division, in passing from one to the other, would still think himself among the same people.

It was not so with Captain Bazil Hall, when he landed in Canada from the United States, and trod again on British ground; his chest expanded—he breathed freer—the air seemed purer; and, seeing a British soldier near Brock's monument, he hastened towards him, and embraced him as a brother. It is the reverse with an American. When he goes to Canada, he feels himself from home, and experiences a degree of constraint to which he has not been familiar. With feelings no less buoyant than those of Capt. Hall, when ready, he returns to his own shore rejoicing, and grateful for the freedom which his forefathers won. Still, Americans always leave Canada pleased with the country, and gratified with the civility with which they are usually treated. The sensations that animate both Americans and Britons in passing into a foreign land, though apparently dissimilar, yet arise from the same source—love of country—of home, and veneration for long cherished institutions.

The Ferry.

VIEW FROM THE STAIRS.

“ And hark! the bugle’s mellow strain,
From hill to hill is ringing;
And every zephyr, o’er the plain,
The joyful note is bringing.
The eagle from his eyry darts,
To hear the flying numbers;
And echo, in her grotto, starts,
Awakened from her slumbers.”

The party of travellers are at the top of the bank, and commence the descent of the long flight of stairs, in order to cross the river. They stop at the foot of the first flight, and enjoy a fine view of the Falls, and the river below. The view below extends about two miles, where the waters again break into billows, and, white with foam, seem to sink into some subterraneous cavern, as they disappear behind the projecting cliffs.

Inquiry is often made “ How was the bank descended before the stairs were built ? ”

The descent was made by means of the Indian ladder, half a mile further down the river, and here, by clinging to the rocks and shrubs. The next improvement was a ladder, eighty feet long, placed nearly perpendicularly against the bank. Last war, it was thrown down. The same year that peace was proclaimed, and before another ladder was erected, a party of ladies and gentlemen, from Boston, visited the Falls; and, incredible as it may appear, descended and ascended the bank, at this place, by holding fast to the rocks.

Perilous descent of the ladder.

One of the ladies observes — “ Their curiosity must have been very intense, to induce them to expose themselves to so much danger.”

A traveller replies — “ Even the ladder was difficult and dangerous to many who descended it for the first time. A gentleman once described to me his passing down the ladder in the following terms : ‘ When I was a youth, I visited the Falls in company with a lad of about my own age. It was in 1808. We came to the top of the bank, and after viewing the great scene from above, we reconnoitered the prospect below, and the means of getting down. I became very anxious to descend, but the view was much more wild and terrific than at present ; and I had some slight apprehensions. I desired my companion to accompany me, but he declined. I had not been used to climbing or descending ladders, and such wild scenes were not familiar. I concluded to venture, and commenced to go down. I soon discovered that every step I descended, I had to hold on still more firmly ; but down I got. I then threaded my way along the rough and slippery path to the water’s edge, and thence to the mist and falling water. It was a chaotic scene to me ; the water poured from above ; the mists rushed over, and the Falls roared. I felt as if buried alone in the deep and rocky chasm. I looked up, and saw my companion, no larger, apparently, than an infant. Like the first travellers who visited the Falls, and reported them to 600 feet high, to me the bank and Falls appeared no less ; and their actual height I did not then know. I glanced at the long ladder standing against the rocks, which I had again to ascend, and became oppressed with fear ; and thought, if once safe on the upper bank, that I would not soon again be caught in that hor-

Perilous descent of the ladder.

rid place. At length, I started up ; I reached the ladder, and began the ascent. I looked above ; the height appeared almost interminable. I cast my eyes below ; my head became dizzy. I found it my only security to direct my eyes in front, against the black and projecting rocks. My feet touched the ladder with weak and unsteady steps, and my hands clinched it with my utmost strength. When I successively let go to take another hold, it seemed as if all power was gone, or as if a heavy load was attached to my arms to keep them from rising. On I went, my eyes still directed against the rocks, and exerting my strength almost to exhaustion. I reasoned with myself, and endeavored to subdue the apprehensions that overcame me ; I thought of the folly of my fears, and that it required but a slight exertion to hold to the ladder ; and that there was no necessity of grasping it with such death-like energy. If it was twenty times as high, I thought I could ascend it. At once I attempted to be less exercised, and took hold of the rungs carelessly ; but, if I had not instantly grasped them with all my might, I should have fallen to the bottom ; and it required all the strength I was master of, to recover my position. I found that I had vainly flattered myself ; and with more and more difficulty did I rise, and more firmly was I obliged to hold. Though requiring but about five minutes to make the ascent, it appeared to be the labor of half an hour, at least. At length, I reached the summit, and with joy I once more found myself on level land. I advanced towards my companion, who was seated on a rock at a short distance, but, to my surprise, my legs refused their office, my knees bent under me, and I barely succeeded in walking. I rallied myself, and determined to walk erect, but in spite of every effort to

Conveniences for travellers.

the contrary, my knees continued for some fifteen minutes to give way ; and I was convinced that I had been most outrageously frightened. I afterwards frequently descended, but never again with such emotions.' It was certainly a hazardous way of descending the bank, and particularly for ladies and persons of weak nerves. The public are much indebted for the present conveniences afforded to visitors, and for nothing more than the different staircases."

The guide observes — " It is well thought of by some, and they are willing to pay for the many accommodations they receive : others think these conveniences should be erected and maintained gratuitously, and complain of being taxed at every turn."

Traveller.— " It is very unreasonable to expect that people should go to great expense in providing these accommodations, and also give their personal attention without reward."

Guide.— " There is another class, that object to these conveniences ; they are hunting for adventure and hair-breadth escapes, about the Falls ; they wish, on their return, to relate the imminent danger they were in, or the daring enterprises they performed."

Traveller.— " As to that matter, there is room enough yet. Let them go down the bank, where there are no stairs, if they disapprove of them : let them wander under the perpendicular rocks ; pass to Ingraham's cave ; take an excursion in a boat, and pass from Bath Island to the islands lying just above the Falls : swim the Niagara river ; or, in a boat, pass to the rapids below. There is yet room for the wildest adventure about Niagara ; but after all, the greater portion of mankind are fond of seeing exciting scenes from safe positions. And the various

Catlin's Cave.

facilities of communication, and other conveniences for strangers, are worth all that is charged for them."

The stairs that descend the bank were built by and belong to Judge Porter. The ferry also, from the American side, belongs to him: from the British side, it belongs to Samuel Street, Esq. The first boat put on the river at this place, was by Gen. Parkhurst Whitney. He built the first stairs down the bank, and established the first ferry.

Having arrived at the foot of the stairs, the very fine view of the Falls, which is there presented, is noticed by the party. Thence they wind around the sloping bank to the landing place; the boat is ready to receive them; and they are soon floating over the convulsed and agitated waters. Hoods, India rubbers, oil cloths and umbrellas, are brought into requisition, to shield them from the descending mist that gushes away from the falling stream.

Catlin's Cave is about a mile below, on the American side. It can only be visited by going along the bottom of the perpendicular bank, or near the water's edge. Travellers usually employ the ferryman to take them in a boat. The cave is about 20 feet in circumference, or about the size of a baker's large oven; and the entrance just big enough to admit the body of a man. When discovered, it was almost filled with beautiful stalactites, but these have been all removed. Around the cave are large quantities of petrified moss, and springs of water gush out above and at the sides of the cave, in a peculiar and beautiful manner.

Crossing the river.

Bender's Cave is on the Canada side, a little further down than Catlin's. It is about twenty feet from side to side, is high enough for persons to stand in, and has a floor of pure white sand. To persons of leisure, both caves are worth visiting, and afford a pleasant excursion.

Before the bridge to Iris Island was built, parties used to visit the lower end with boats, by passing up between the two sheets of water ; some are still fond of making the trip, as they advance very close to the Falls, which is to many very interesting.

Usually, visitors are greatly delighted with the view of the Falls which is obtained in crossing the ferry. Towards the centre of the river, the mist is dispelled, and the prospect of the immense body of falling water is unobscured by any intervening object. The whole sublimity of the scene is displayed. Besides this, the eddies are strong, the waters dance round the boat, the boat itself rocks and bounds along, and some of the obtrusive waves dash over upon the passengers. The ladies become alarmed ; but they hardly have time to inquire if there is not danger, before the dashing of the waves has ceased, the boat glides smoothly over subdued and dead swells, and soon reaches the Canada shore.

The passengers step forth upon the rocks that line the shore. The mighty cataract is pouring its ocean of waters before them, but, if they are Americans, it has ceased to be the only curiosity, and their attention is called to persons and characters. A portion of the British army may be observed performing their evolutions at the top of the bank ; or the party may be stopped by a non-commissioned officer and a file of men, who may question the different individuals, their business, and object of coming into the country. Strangers, who come

Village of Clifton.

to visit the Falls, are permitted to pass on. This state of things only existed since the late difficulties have arisen, and may be considered as temporary. Heretofore, travellers have in no way been impeded, and American gentlemen have always been treated with marked politeness by the keepers of hotels and public-houses.

Traveller, to the ladies.—“ Now we are on the soil of John Bull ; all you see and hear will be new and interesting.”

VILLAGE OF CLIFTON.

This village comprises a fine plot on the first and second rise of land above the ferry. The road leading from the river to Drummondville passes through the centre. It lies directly in front of the Falls, and commands a full view of the river, of the great cataract, and of the American shore. Its enterprising proprietor, Col. Ogden Creighton, and others, have made valuable improvements, and it must become a flourishing place.

Clifton House stands just at the head of the hill from the ferry ; the prospect from its galleries is fine, and the house is well kept.

The party proceed along the bank of the river until coming near a house containing a large *Camera Obscura*, which beautifully reflects the Falls. To many, it is a new and pleasing sight, and is always worth a visit.

Proceeding further, Mr. Barnet's Museum attracts their attention, and they enter to see his curiosities. No person who visits this museum will regret the time or the trifling expense ; and all that have visited it, have de-

Table Rock.

parted pleased and gratified. It is one of the best collections of birds and animals any where to be met with. They are preserved in a very superior style. The animals and birds are generally those of the country, and look almost as if living. The birds seem not to have lost a feather, and appear as if ready to raise their wings to fly. Mr. Barnet makes his own preparations ; and, for the neat and beautiful manner he performs his work, he is unexcelled. He will prepare for visiters, animals or birds to order, or will sell to them out of his stock on hand. Besides birds and animals, there are many other curiosities in this museum, worth seeing. The party, after spending half an hour very pleasantly, bend their course towards Table Rock.

TABLE ROCK.

“ And still with sound like booming peal
From distant thunder given,
Forth, forth from out the dark abyss,
The rushing stream is driven.”

Although much of this rock has fallen from time to time, within the memory of many yet living ; still, it projects some forty or fifty feet over the bank. Through a considerable portion of it runs a wide and deep fissure, evidencing that it will not be many years before the outer portion will be launched below. Some years since, the person who kept the winding stairs, at Table Rock, gave notice that on a certain day, (it was on the occasion of one of the vessels going over the Falls,) he should put a number of kegs of powder in the fissure of the rock, and

Passing under the sheet of water.

blow it off. It was expected that it would make a tremendous crash. But the gentleman who owned the principal interest in the privilege, would not allow it to be done, as it would have put an end to the charm of the place — the visit under the sheet of water.

Traveller.—“ If the rock is safe, the gentleman did right in preserving it ; but if it hangs jeopardising the life of human beings, it ought to be blown off.”

Guide.—“ We are now on it, and you must judge for yourselves.”

Traveller.—“ It may stand for half a century, or may give way while we are talking about it. It has, no doubt, too dangerous a look for a man to think of building a residence on ; yet, for a Niagara Falls enthusiast, and I have both seen and heard of such, it is just the spot.”

PASSING UNDER THE SHEET OF WATER.

“ The glittering stream, the spray with rainbow round,
The dizzy height, the roar, the gulf profound.”

Near to Table Rock, there is an establishment at which dresses are provided, and guides furnished to conduct travellers under the rock, and thence under the sheet of water. Several of the party, conclude to make the excursion, and enter the house. The ladies start back in astonishment and dismay, as they see rising up, apparently from a lower apartment, half a dozen villainous looking characters, arrayed in canvas jackets, and in India rubber and oil cloth cloaks ; some with caps flapped over their necks, and others with tarpauling slouched hats, a good representation of Italian banditti ; but, as

The descent.

they seemed to be saturated with wet, and the water ran in streams from them, it was no great stretch of fancy to imagine them demons of the Falls. The party come forward, laughing and chatting gaily ; and the sweet treble of women's voice, mixed with the louder yet well modulated tones of the men, would, at least, have passed them off as a gay set of masqueraders. An explanation soon takes place : they prove to be a company of ladies and gentlemen just returned from under the sheet of water.

Similar dresses were soon provided for the new comers. The ladies remonstrated about the cow-hide shoes, much too big, and other grotesque-looking articles with which they had to array themselves, and laughed heartily at each others odd and frightful appearance.

They descend the stairs, make their way along the rocky path, and soon enter under the overhanging arch of Table Rock. In front is the sheet of water : below, at the left, is the river, white with foam, and on the shore large bodies of rock that have tumbled from the arch under which the travellers are winding their way ; and above, is the mighty mass divided into thousands of fissures, and rocks hanging equipoised, ready every moment to fall and crush those whose temerity leads them through that dangerous pass. But, as no accidents have happened, visitors may look danger in the face, and move cheerily along, not troubling themselves with any disturbing thoughts. They soon arrive in the mist, the rocks become slippery, but the guide directs and lends his assistance, assuring them that there is no danger.

“ Still groping through the dark recess, we find
New scenes of wonder, to amuse the mind.”

Termination Rock.

The water, driven by the force of the wind, pours over them, and in spite of India rubber and water-proof guards, very few escape being drenched to the skin. At length, it is announced that they have arrived at Termination Rock. There they stand and gaze upon the wonders of the place, until the eye becomes weary with seeing the white and mingling waters, and the ear tired of the deafening sound. Some just look in, and cast a fearful glance around, and then hurry away ; others remain for half an hour, or more, seemingly enjoying the terrific scene.

It is considered one of the adventures which Niagara so prolifically affords, to go under Table Rock. And the proprietor furnishes a certificate, at a certain price, to all those who perform the exploit. A German prince, who visited the Falls, a few years ago, offered to pay two dollars, that sum being double the amount demanded, for a paper certifying that he had gone further under the Falls than any other man. The keeper would not take the bribe, but gave him the ordinary certificate.

Having safely returned to the top of the rock, and resumed their colloquy with the guide, one of the party observes —

“ It would be a dreadful sight to behold a boat, in which there were human beings, coming down the rapids and going over the Falls.”

Guide.—“ That sight has never been witnessed ; in all the cases that have occurred, the boats have been capsized, and the persons thrown out in the rapids, and were lost to the eyes of those who stood on the shore before they reached the Falls ; and it is generally supposed that they perish before they pass over.

Going over the Falls.

GOING OVER THE FALLS.

“ What thoughts are theirs, who, in the wat'ry deep,
For a short space cling to some hope forlorn,
And tug for one more moment of sweet life —
For precious and desired life ? ”

In 1810, a large boat, loaded with upwards of 200 barrels of salt, was sailing up the river, from Schlosser. The wind was very high, and the boat being too deeply laden, the swell rolled over her, and she sunk. The mast at first projected out of the water, to which two of the crew secured themselves; another, there being but three on board, seized the steering oar, on which he floated. The place where the boat sunk, was at the upper end of Navy Island. It was driven along by the force of the current, the boat touching the bottom, and, as it passed down, sinking deeper and deeper. At length, the swells rolled over those who were on the mast, and at times they would sink from sight, and then, when the river was not so deep, would again rise. One let go his hold, and made for the shore, but soon sunk; the other continued his hold upon the mast, until lost sight of. Both of them, without doubt, went over the Falls. The man who got the steering oar, succeeded in seating himself on it, and was drifting down the river. A gentleman, about a mile from Chippewa, observing him, ran his horse to that village, drove some men in a boat, and jumping in himself, put out, lifted the exhausted and helpless man with difficulty from the oar, and brought the poor fellow safe to shore. In their humane exertions to save the life of a fellow being, they got so far in the

Canal boat crosses the river.

current, as to come very near going over the Falls themselves. The spirited gentleman, who was the means of saving this man, was the talented and well-known Doct. John J. Laflerty, of Upper Canada.

The occurrence of men's passing over the Falls is so frequent, that but a small part of the cases can be enumerated. It being so very dangerous for a long distance above, it might be supposed that people would be more careful; but they seem to be heedless of the risk, and rush with imprudence upon the impetuous and deceiving waters. In 1820, two men were so neglectful of themselves, as to fall asleep in a boat, at the mouth of Chippewa Creek, the bow of which lay on shore, but was not fastened. It was carried out in the stream, and was seen to capsize in the rapids, when the men were thrown out. For the space of thirty years, hardly a year has passed without hearing of one or more persons going over the Falls.

CANAL BOAT INCIDENT.

“Destruction moves on yon descending wave,
A seeming miracle alone can save.”

Besides the many fatal accidents that have happened, there have been a great many narrow escapes. Only one, however, will be mentioned here.

A canal boat, in 1832, was going up the river, from Chippewa. When two miles up, the towing line broke. The captain was sick below; one of the hands drove a horse that was on board into the water, and he swam ashore; the man, also, jumped overboard, and reached

Female presence of mind.

the land. Besides the captain, there was left on board no other person belonging to the boat, but a boy. Of passengers, there were two men and a woman. A trip over the Falls appeared inevitable. The wind was blowing freshly across the river, and the ready presence of mind of the woman suggested that some of the bed-clothes should be got, and a sail erected. No time was lost, and an old quilt was soon hoisted to court the propitious breeze. They made way over, but much faster down. It was in the forenoon of a fine and pleasant day, their situation was noticed from both sides, and boats put out to their relief. The persons were taken off just before reaching the rapids. A dog only was left to pursue the perilous navigation. The boat passed down near the American shore, north of Iris Island. The dog remained on deck until she entered the rapids; and then, as she struck, and heaved and bounded over the rocks, he would run below, look out of the cabin door — then jump on deck, and cast his eyes upon the water, doing as much as any sailor could in such a situation. To the inhabitants of the village of Niagara Falls, the boat came suddenly and unexpectedly hurrying along the rapids. It was not known to them whether there were any persons on board or not. It was the season when the cholera prevailed at Chippewa, Buffalo, Tonawanda, and through the whole course of the Erie Canal. It was common, at many places, when infected persons were found to be on board of vessels or boats, to cause the craft to be anchored out in the stream. It was the general impression that this was an infected boat, and that it was probable that there were several miserable wretches below. The old quilt hanging out, and the filthy and dismal appearance of the boat, confirmed the impression.

Concert House.

With these opinions, to the spectators the scene was painfully interesting, as the boat groaned and drove along, every moment expecting that it would be broken to pieces. It however made a lodgment on the rocks, just above the bridge that leads to the island; and a brave African dashed into the water with a rope, and secured it to the shore. The boat was not badly damaged, and was afterwards hauled out and transported half a mile by land — repaired, and again launched upon the water.

The building standing on Table Rock, is for the purpose of forcing water to the village, or, as it was called, the City of the Falls.

The first house on the hill, after passing Mr. Barnet's museum, is called the Concert House. It was erected for the double purpose of being used as a bath house and for concerts and assemblies. In the summer of 1838, it was a barracks for soldiers; and a beautiful display of white canvas tents along the green bank, which were occupied by the 43d regiment, added considerably to the scenery about the Falls. These troops had every week a sham-fight, making a handsome sight exceedingly novel and interesting to American visitors.

Guide.—“ Having passed over all the great views, it is customary to inquire of travellers — which they prefer, the American views of the Falls, or the Canadian? ”

Traveller.—“ I percieve that it is true, there is in Canada one grand unvaried view, which surpasses any single view on the American side; but there is not that variety, that enchanting shifting of the scene, that occurs as we pass along on the American shore and islands.”

Samuel Street, Esq.—Col. Clark.

While the party are yet lingering around Table Rock, sometimes gazing on the Falls, making inquiries, and descanting upon the surrounding scenery, several objects are brought to their notice.

The island just above the Falls, and lying nearly level with the water, is called Long Island. By damming the water from the side next the main shore, a slight injury is done to the prospect.

The island about half a mile above the Falls, which hugs in close to the shore, and around which a small branch of the Niagara passes, is called Round Island, and sometimes Cynthia Island.

The dwelling-house embowered in trees, below the brow of the hill, and beyond the mills which are seen at the side of the river, is the residence of Samuel Street, Esq. an American gentleman, long resident in Canada, where he has accumulated great wealth, and adopted the principles of the Provincial government, being a good and loyal subject.

The house just discernible on the hill beyond Mr. Street's, was the residence of Col. Thomas Clark, now deceased, and long the partner of Mr. Street. He was a Scotchman, and represented in himself an excellent specimen of Scotch nationality. In his youth, he was as strong and hardy as his own native mountains. At an early period, he performed the extraordinary feat of walking from the Falls of the Genesee river to Black Rock, on the Niagara, in one day. He started a little before sun-rise, and arrived at Black Rock before nine at night, having travelled the whole distance on an Indian path. He was a man of great capacity in business, and very exact and regular. When travelling, a few years since, in company with the author, although he

Bridgewater.—Chippewa.

was then worth millions, the Colonel was observed to make an entry in a pocket memorandum book ; and he remarked at the time “ I have never spent a sixpence without making a regular entry and account of it, and I do so still.” He left a great estate to three already wealthy maiden sisters in Scotland, and Canada (where his wealth had been made,) was forgotten in his will.

At the upper end of Round Island, is the place called Bridgewater. There was once on this spot extensive mills, and quite a little village. The works had been erected at great expense, and much labor bestowed upon the bank to prevent slides ; but during the last war, the hand of destruction was stretched over the rising prospects of the place, and the mills and most of the houses of the village were burnt. Since then, it has been abandoned, and almost forgotten. There is now nothing to interest, but the burning spring. In 1838, the water of the river was so high as to cover the spring. When it is in a state to collect the gas, travellers very generally go to it.

Two miles from the Falls, is Chippewa, a village of considerable consequence, and more noted from its contiguity to the great battle which took place in 1814. It was fought just above the town, and the ground is now undistinguishable in any way except by fields and enclosures. In the winter of 1837—8, Chippewa was the scene of action of McNabb’s forces. There they erected batteries, whence shells and rockets were thrown on Navy Island.

The party now pass from Table Rock, and if they conclude to remain for some time in Canada, they go to the Pavilion, or return to Clifton House ; and at their

City of the Falls.

leisure visit Drummondville — go to the Whirlpool on the British side, which is four miles — to Brock's monument and Queenston, eight miles — Niagara and Fort George, fourteen miles. If they conclude to return to the American shore, they take a new route back, by rising the hill near the Pavilion, and thence pass on to Drummondville, and round to the Ferry.

THE CITY OF THE FALLS.

The property of William Forsyth, comprising about four hundred acres of land, and lying in the immediate vicinity of the Falls, was purchased some years since by Thomas Clark, Samuel Street, and a number of other gentlemen. The grounds were laid out into squares and streets, suitably for the accommodation of a large city. An act of incorporation was talked of, in which foreigners were to be allowed some special privileges, and measures were taken for the encouragement of those disposed to purchase and build. Some sales were made. For a while, the prospect was favorable, and several advantages were offered to induce people to make investments; and more would have done so, but the proprietors becoming lax in their measures, improvements stopped, and the place has been stationary for some years. As it is a commanding situation, on a dry and pleasant soil, and enjoys some of the finest prospects in the world, it only requires the encouragement which the proprietors can well afford, to have it go ahead at any time they may think proper to determine. It has around it a flourishing country, thickly populated by wealthy freeholders, whose farms are in a high state of cultivation.

Drummondville.—Lundy's Lane.

The Pavilion Hotel was erected by William Forsyth ; it is a large building, calculated for the accommodation of many guests, and is kept by an accommodating landlord.

William Forsyth was one of the first settlers of the country ; a man of enterprising character, and one who did much making improvements around the Falls.

On the 19th of February, 1839, at five o'clock in the afternoon, just after the above short notice in relation to the Pavilion Hotel was written, the building took fire and was burnt down. It continued burning for some time in the evening. The spectacle was grand and solemn. The building was very large, and composed entirely of wood. The light reflected upon the rising spray from the Falls, and upon the trees covered with congealed ice. The cloud of mist appeared like another conflagration, and to persons at a distance was taken to be such. The ice on the trees reflected back the blazing light, and shone brilliantly in the keen pure air like burning coal. Though thus dazzling, yet it was a sad and painful sight.

D R U M M O N D V I L L E .

“ What boots the oft repeated tale of strife,
The feast of vultures, and the waste of life.”

This flourishing village stands on the ground on which the mis-named battle of Bridgewater took place. It is more properly known as the battle of Lundy's Lane. After the battle, the American dead were thrown into a heap and burnt, and the Indians carried some of the

General Brock's Monument.

wounded who were yet alive to share the same fate, but were stayed in their inhuman conduct by the exertions of the British soldiers. Of one, it is related, that seeing an Indian dragging a wounded American to the flames, who was begging for his life, he despatched the Indian, threw his body in the heap, and saved the American. This was the greatest battle which took place on the frontier. The report of the cannon was heard for the distance of a hundred miles, and, to persons within four or five miles, the incessant discharge of fire arms sounded like the continuous roll of a drum. The roar of the Falls was not heard amid this din of human combat.

BROCK'S MONUMENT.

“ Away, away, earth's pageantry,
Her brightest gems are dim ;
And glittering wealth, and power and fame,
How worthless now to him.”

Brock's Monument stands on Queenston heights, a short distance south of the village. It is built of a soft whitish stone, taken out of the mountain near by. The base is twenty feet square, the shaft round, and rises one hundred and twenty six feet from the ground. It cost about eight thousand dollars, and was built at the expense of the Provincial government. It occupies a beautiful and commanding site, and overlooks Fort Grey, on the American side, a large battery erected mainly to cover the attack upon Queenston, and the roads and cultivated farms beyond the opposite heights for several miles. Below lies Lewiston, with its streets and or-

Extensive prospect.

chards spread out before the spectator as a garden, and from which passes to the east the celebrated Ridge Road. Thence along the brow of the heights, the prospect extends north as far as the eye can reach, and across Lake Ontario to its northern bounds. On the Canada side, the view is equally fine. The beautiful little village of St. David's, distant but a few miles at the west, peeps out from under the diverging hills; and far beyond, a large tract of level country, interspersed with improved farms, but generally appearing like a dense forest, to the shore of the lake. Below, and directly in front, is the antique-looking village of Queenston, and the Niagara river, bending its serpentine course to the lake, and forming the boundary of two great nations. At the mouth of the river, on the American side, rise the fortifications of old Fort Niagara, and where is beheld waving in the breeze the standard of liberty. On the British side, is the town of Niagara and Fort George, where floats the proud banner of England, the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. Long may they wave together in peace.

General Brock was a valiant man. He did not fall on the spot where the monument is erected, but down the hill, in a northwesterly direction, about 80 rods distant, near a cherry tree, in the rear of Queenston. He was at the head of his men, cheering them on to action. He was first interred in the northeastern bastion of Fort George, and a 24 pound American cannon captured with Hull, placed at his head. After the monument was built, his remains, with those of his aid, Col. McDonald, were deposited here with much pomp, on one of the anniversaries of the battle of Queenston.

To Americans, this monument must cause but one emotion — sorrow for their fellow citizens who fell in

Town of Niagara.

that ill fated battle. One part of that badly directed and bloody conflict, beheld by an eye witness, is sufficient. A short distance below the monument stands a log-house. Towards the close of the battle, a portion of the Americans were driven down the hill, and, as many as could, crowded into the house. For a short period, they fired on their pursuers from the doors and windows ; but for some moments after they ceased firing, the enemy continued to fire in upon them. This sight, with the piteous cries of our drowning countrymen, who sought to escape the carnage of that day, by endeavoring to swim the Niagara, makes Brock's Monument, to those Americans who were eye witnesses, no object of veneration.

TOWN OF NIAGARA.

This is one of the oldest settlements in Canada. It is pleasantly situated on the left bank of the river, and is bounded on the north by Lake Ontario. It once had the prospect of being an important place, and had all the advantages that insure prosperity ; but it has not advanced as was expected. Many of its most wealthy and enterprising men have carried their business and resources to other places ; others appear to have slumbered over the advantages which they enjoyed at home, and suffered their neighbors to advance ahead of them. Still it is a place of considerable wealth, more enterprise is evinced, and from its fine location, it must eventually arrive to eminence and respectability.

Niagara, in the fall of 1813, while in possession of the American forces, was ordered to be destroyed. It

Battle of Fort George.

was considered necessary to evacuate the place, and, to prevent its becoming a shelter for the enemy, an order was issued that it should be burnt. Let no American speak of such acts, no matter from whence they emanate, without bestowing on them that censure, and the full measure of indignation which they so justly deserve.

BATTLE OF FORT GEORGE.

“ Strange visions come, on rushing wing,
To bear me to the battle track;
And I can see the war-horse spring
Forward again, as when his track
Was marked with blood; and, though my ear
No sound can catch that speaks of strife,
My scattered comrades gathered here,
Seem round and near me, as in life.”

The spring of 1813 opened auspiciously for the American arms, by the capture of Little York. Gen. Dearborn then drew his forces to Fort Niagara. On the night of the 26th of May, a tremendous cannonading was opened upon Fort George and Fort Missassauga, from the American fort and several batteries along the banks of the river. Red-hot shot and shells poured in upon those places incessantly. Cross-fires were directed upon each important point, until it became untenable, or was demolished. When the morning of the 27th was ushered in, the British forts were enveloped in flames. On the lake, anchored about a mile from the shore, lay the fleet of Commodore Chauncey. Around the fleet, ready to move forward, were two hundred boats filled with men, whose armor glittered in the rays of the rising sun. The

Betty Feathers.

artillery of the fleet joined in, the boats put off, and, under cover of the cannon, soon effected a landing. The British poured down upon them, as they landed, a few effective discharges ; but the Americans, rushing up the bank, stopped at the edge and fired over ; then stooping below, loaded and fired again. From this place of security, they could not be dislodged, and the balls of the enemy could not reach them. The deadly fire which they poured upon the British, soon obliged them to give way. The Americans rose over the bank, and their adversaries retreated. The battle was soon won, but they did not reap the advantages of that glorious day. They suffered the enemy to escape, to re-organize, to defeat, and in a short time afterwards to expel them from the country.

BETTY FEATHERS.

“ Wail on, sad notes, wail on !

Ye seem, thus murmuring on the still night air,

In plaintive symphonies that dirge-like moan,

The utterance of some broken heart's despair,

— hopes coldly crushed, for joys for ever gone.”

The ferry which is now established from Niagara, in Canada, to Youngstown, on the American side, was formerly to Fort Niagara. In the summer season, it is very pleasant crossing, but frequently in winter the current is filled with ice, and it is dangerous. Sometimes, the boat and passengers are carried into the lake, and are rescued thence at great risk and suffering ; but frequently fatal accidents have happened, and the unfortunate sufferers have been driven beyond the reach of help, and have perished in the lake.

A disaster.

Many years ago, there was a woman by the name of Betty Feathers, a resident in Canada, but a free denizen on both sides of the river. Before she became such, her husband, John Feathers, was the ferryman. One day, when the crossing had been unusually difficult, towards night John was observed to start from the American shore. Before he reached the middle of the river, his boat was completely surrounded with ice. At the same time, there came on a dark and heavy snow mist, which hid him from sight, and probably prevented him from seeing the shore. Betty went down to the river, and called "John! John! John!" No reply was made, and no object could be seen. The neighbors, too, turned out, to render her such assistance as they could. They called, they shouted, and did all in their power to indicate to the sufferer his proper direction. Betty, with steady monotony, at intervals, screamed "John! John! John!" Night came on, and the darkness was intense; still, the voice of Betty was heard. She would call—listen—and then call again. The neighbors gave over; they concluded that John was lost—that he had already perished with the cold, or that he was still floating on the trackless lake, surrounded with ice, and beyond their help. They attempted to soothe Betty, and to persuade her to return to the house; but she heeded them not, and her voice still sounded loud and shrill, and "John! John!" vibrated across the deep. She ceased not to call, until she sank exhausted, and was conveyed helpless to her bed. John never returned, and no vestige of of him or his boat was ever found. Betty recovered, but her reason was gone, and she became a poor and lonely wanderer, going from house to house. John was always in her mind; and, as long as she lived, she would often

A witch story.

at the close of day, and in the darkness of the night, go to the beach, and looking over the broad expanse of the lake, call out "John! John! John!"

She lived a little while in one place, and then a while in another. As she grew old, she became as much an object of fear as of pity. She had some singularity, and a good deal of asperity of temper. At last, she was by many called a witch. At one time, in winter, she happened to be in a bar-room at Fort Niagara. The room was warmed with a stove. There were several soldiers in the room, whose conversation did not suit her, and she said "If you don't be still, I will break your stove." They laughed, and continued their remarks. The stove on the instant cracked in two, with a considerable report, and fell apart. "There," she said, "I told you I would break your stove," and immediately left the room.

At another time, she had been staying for a couple of weeks at a neighboring farmer's house. One day, when the farmer was absent, Betty said to his wife "Get the pail, I want you to go with me to the woods." "What for?" inquired the woman. "I will tell you when we get there," returned Betty. The woman was not in good health, and fearing her, endeavored to excuse herself from going, by saying there was snow on the ground, and it was too damp for her go out." Betty persisted, and said she must go, or she would whip her. The woman, in apprehension of her life, started, in the hope that she might find some way to escape. When they came to the fence, by the woods, she again remonstrated; but Betty showed so much violence, that she hastily sprang over, and after running a short distance in the woods, darted off to a neighbor's house, where her husband found her. Betty did not return, and was seen no more on that quarter.

TOUR THROUGH CANADA.

ROUTES FROM NIAGARA FALLS.

Travellers, when in the western part of the State of New York, frequently come to the conclusion to make a tour in Canada, and not having provided themselves with suitable directions, at times require information which they find it very difficult to obtain.

For the convenience of those who wish to extend their journey beyond the Falls, the following information, though foreign to the object of this work, has been brought together, at the suggestion of a friend. The Falls, of late years, have become very justly the great centre of attraction, which usually receive the first visit of tourists, and thence they branch off to scenes of less magnitude, as business or curiosity leads them.

The city of Buffalo is the place of general embarkation for all the countries, lakes, and rivers beyond. The traveller can reach Buffalo from the Falls, on the Canada side, by stage or rail-road, to Chippewa, 2 miles, and thence by steam-boat, 20 miles ; or, by crossing the ferry at the Falls, to the American side, he will find it pleasant travelling on the Buffalo and Niagara Falls rail-road, as a considerable portion of the route runs by the side of the river. At Buffalo, steam-boats start for Detroit and intermediate ports, daily. It is usual for persons visiting Malden, Sandwich, or other portions of Canada west of those places, to take steam-boat from Buffalo.

Places in the neighborhood of the Falls.

If the tourist confines his ramble within a short compass, there are, in the vicinity of the Falls, several places that may attract his attention, besides those that have been mentioned.

Allensburgh, 8 miles west from the Falls, is a small village on the Welland Canal ; a good road leads to it, which passes through a fine country.

St. David's, 6 miles north from the Falls, is a pretty retired village ; it lies below the mountain ridge, 2 miles west of Queenston.

The Deep Cut, 8 miles from the Falls, has its name from the circumstance of the Welland Canal, at this place, being cut nearly 100 feet in the mountain.

St. Catherine's, 10 miles. The Welland Canal runs through it. It is a thriving village, and of considerable business.

Hamilton is distant 40 miles, and 50 miles by steamboat navigation from Niagara. It is near the head of Lake Ontario. It is situated on a beautiful plain, skirted on one side by the mountain and on the other by the green waters of the lake. It is one of the first-class of towns in the Upper Province, and is a very business-like place.

Brantford, on Grand River, is 25 miles further. Along the borders of Grand River reside the remains of the Mohawk Indians, who, under Brant, having taken sides with the British government, in the revolutionary war, had a large tract of valuable land allotted to them on the borders of this river.

There is a line of stages which run daily from Lewiston and Queenston, through Canada to Detroit, passing through St. David's, St. Catherine's, Hamilton, Ancaster, Brantford, and London.

Toronto.

Toronto is 44 miles from the Falls, on the northern side of the lake, and 100 miles by land. This city is the capital of Upper Canada. It is built by the side of the bay of the same name. The fortifications are at a short distance from the city, on a point of land which commands the entrance into the harbor. There are several well-built streets in Toronto, and many government and other buildings of ample dimensions and in good style. The precincts around the city are handsomely improved. Orchards, gardens, and the dwellings of genteel people are seen in every direction. The lands about Toronto are very fertile, and for many miles in all directions the country is well populated by able farmers.

Travellers from the American or British side can embark on board of steam-boats at Lewiston or Queenston, or at any of the ports on the river below, for Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, or for the American ports on the lake, or of the St. Lawrence. If the tourist desires to go to the Lower Province, he can either take a steam-boat from the Niagara river, or, if he prefer an overland route for a short distance, he can take the rail-road cars, and pass through the villages of Pekin and Lockport; thence by packet or stage and rail-road, to the city of Rochester, the whole distance 80 miles, and at Rochester embark on board of steam boat down the lake. Those travellers who did not come to the Falls by this route, will find it a very pleasant one to take on their return. The ride on the rail-road, along the brow of the mountain, is delightful. The great combined locks at Lockport, and the thousands of laborers now engaged in blasting the rocks and excavating the earth for the enlarged canal, are well worth seeing. The number, too, of beautiful and flourishing villages along this route—the rich and prosper-

Distances on Lake Ontario.

ous country — the city of Rochester — the great aqueduct — the falls of the Genesee river — are all objects of great interest.

To Oswego, from Rochester, by the lake, is 63 miles.

“ Sacket’s Harbor, from Oswego, 40 miles.

“ Cape Vincent, from Sacket’s Harbor, 20 miles.

Kingston, Upper Canada, lies opposite Cape Vincent, and distant 11 miles. This place was formerly Fort Frontinac; it is built on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, at its junction with Lake Ontario. The river is here 10 miles wide. The Thousand Islands commence immediately below Kingston, and are scattered in the river for a distance of 50 miles. The fortifications at Kingston are of considerable strength, and in reference to military and naval operations, it is considered an important point.

The Rideau Canal commences in the bay; and is five miles from Kingston. It was built at the expense of the British government, and principally for military purposes, in affording an internal communication between the Upper and Lower Provinces. The whole distance from Kingston, by the Rideau canal, to Montreal, is 280 miles. There is a variety of interesting objects along the canal — the Rideau and Ottawa rivers, the cataract of the Chaudine, the Rideau falls, extensive lakes, and some pleasant villages.

By the St. Lawrence, the distances are — to Brockville, from Kingston, 50 miles; Morristown lies opposite, on the American side. To Prescott, from Brockville, 20 miles, and the same to Ogdensburgh, U. S. To the head of the Long Sault is 38 miles; thence to Cornwall is 12 miles; thence to the Cascades, 16 miles; thence to Lachine, 24 miles; thence to Montreal, 9 m.

River St. Lawrence.

The distance from Kingston, by the St. Lawrence, to Montreal is 210 miles. The fine scenery along the river, of lakes and rapids, of islands and rocky shores, of wild and picturesque views, of rising towns and elegant seats, and the many scenes made memorable by historical events, always charm and amuse the traveller.

Besides the many objects which the city of Montreal affords to attract the attention of the tourist, the village of Varennes, on account of its medical spring and fine prospect, has become a place of much resort. The village is 15 miles from the city, and the spring is about a mile from the village. A steam-boat runs from Montreal to this place twice a day, and the boats that ply to and from Quebec usually stop.

Pursuing the route down the river, William Henry is 40 miles from Montreal. It is on the bank of the river Sorel, where it unites with the St. Lawrence.

The next place of importance is the Three Rivers, at the mouth of the St. Maurice. Some miles up the St. Maurice, are the falls of the Shawinnegame, of 100 feet.

The Richelieu rapids commence 7 miles below the Three Rivers. The navigation is considered dangerous in the night, and by steam-boats the rapids are always passed in the day time.

The distance to Quebec from Montreal, by steam-boat, is 189 miles. The traveller having arrived in this city, so celebrated for the many great events of which it has been the theatre, and for its strong fortifications, will, at his leisure, accompanied by some well-informed citizen, or hired guide, visit all the locations and objects of attraction within and around the city.

The Falls of Montmorenci are eight miles northeast of Quebec, on the river of the same name, and near the

Quebec.—Falls of Montmorenci.

St. Lawrence. The height of the Fall is 240 feet, or 72 feet higher than the Falls of Niagara, but the immense volume of water of the great cataract is wanting. The falling sheet is about 100 feet wide, or about the same width as that of the crescent or centre fall of Niagara, which passes over Ingraham's Cave. The great height, however, of these Falls, and the singular beauty which pervades the whole wild and romantic scene, is the admiration of all who have had an opportunity of beholding them.

On the route between the Falls of Montmorenci and the city, is the Indian village Lorette. Some beautiful views of the surrounding and distant scenery is afforded from this village.

There are several other places in the vicinity of Quebec of considerable interest, which are pointed out to strangers, and are frequently visited.

In returning, the usual route is back to Montreal; thence by steam-boat to La Prairie, 7 miles; thence by rail-road to St. John's, 17 miles; again by steam-boat to Isle Aux Noix, 14 miles; Rouse's Point, 10 miles; Chazy, 12 miles; Plattsburgh, 15 miles; Burlington, 26 miles; Brown Point, 38 miles; Ticonderoga, 15 miles; White Hall, 24 miles; and thence to Albany, 72 miles.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

MEDICINAL VIRTUES OF THE AIR AT NIAGARA FALLS.

This may appear startling, though it is indeed nothing more than what is admitted by all who have spoken or thought on the subject. While some waters possess properties, the medical virtues of which are admitted, others are deleterious. So with airs : while some are destructive to animal life, others are ambrosial, grateful, and invigorating. That there is not only a salutary and exhilarating quality in the atmosphere of Niagara Falls, but also superior medical virtues, is believed by many. No epidemics have prevailed here. When the cholera raged through all the country, no case occurred within the domain of the misty cloud. Here there are no poisonous vapors arising from stagnant pools ; no miasma from marshes or swamps ; but the moisture with which the air is saturated, is driven up from the fall of broken waters — not raised by the influences of heat or cold, but purified and buoyant, it floats away from the clear stream, and we breathe it, charged as it is with ten thousand particles, fresh from nature's great alembic. We not only see and hear, but feel, and taste, and breathe the Falls.

Geology of Niagara river.

GEOLOGY OF NIAGARA RIVER.

Here is a great field for geological and mineral research. The rocks in many places are laid bare to a great depth, and many of the most interesting spots for such examinations have never yet been visited, owing to the difficulty of getting to them. Slight notices of the formation and character of the rocks in this neighborhood have been laid before the public, by the New York State geologists, but it is not known that they have devoted much time to a careful examination. There are known to be saline waters at the Five Mile Meadows, and sulphurous and gas springs upon the mountain. Argillaceous iron ore is found on the bank of the river; many specimens of lead ore are obtained, and in one instance a large lump of several pounds was picked up. Common and water lime, and building stone are abundant, and gypsum is also supposed to be plentiful. In a late examination along the river, at a bare part of the bank, where it is exposed for two hundred feet, there was observed to be in one of the lower strata of the rocks, of several feet in width, a dark streak, much resembling lead or coal. It may be neither; but the careful examination along the borders of the river, will undoubtedly lead to the most interesting results.

MINERAL SPECIMENS.

Large quantities of beautiful specimens have often been found, or broken out of the rocks, around the Falls. Many of them are offered for sale to visitors. Some of

Tonawanda Village.

them are very valuable. Persons making collections will find a large variety in the possession of Mr. Jacobs, on Bath Island.

Niagara Falls has also become a mart for Indian curiosities. Of the same gentleman may be obtained mocassins, worked with beads and porcupine quills. Indian work pockets, needle cases, war clubs, bark canoes, maple sugar in fancy boxes ornamented with quills, &c.

T O N A W A N D A V I L L A G E .

This is half way between Buffalo and Niagara Falls, being distant from each of those places 11 miles. It lies by the side of the Niagara river, and the Tonawanda creek and Erie canal passes through it. The navigation of the canal is by a lock connected with the river, and passengers for the Falls, disembark from the boats at this place. The village possesses many advantages for business operations ; and some trade with the upper lake is carried on direct by vessels navigating the river and lake. This trade is destined to increase. A ferry-boat plies between Tonawanda and Whitehaven, on Grand Island, the two villages lying opposite each other.

A bank, under the New York banking law, has lately been established, which will increase the business facilities of the enterprising inhabitants.

J O H N D O W N I N G A N D T H E W H I R L P O O L .

“ He lives! from out the whirlpool’s depths,
From out a wat’ry grave ! ”

This is not the celebrated Jack Downing, but may be a remote relative of the family ; however, he performed

John Downing and the Whirlpool.

a voyage which the navigator of the *Two Pollies* would hardly attempt. In 1811, Mr. Downing, with others, was cutting cedar posts at the Whirlpool, on the British side, for palisades at Fort George. They were made into small rafts, and set adrift where the current passes out from the Whirlpool, and were afterwards picked up in the river between Queenston and the Fort. While he was fixing something on one of the rafts, the end lying on the shore, it slipped into the water, and before his companions could help him, he was carried out of their reach. Slowly the raft receded from the shore, passing up the stream. It passed round in the Whirlpool and eddies, for nearly half a day, but was not drawn into the principal vortex. At length, the raft was thrown so near the shore, that his companions reached out to him a long pole, on which Mr. D. seized, and escaped from his perilous situation.

AN APALLING DISASTER.

“I consider these rocks my enemies.”

Many narrow escapes, and many sad and serious accidents have occurred around the Falls; but at length it has become the painful duty of the annalist to record an incident of a new and fatal character. Since the first discovery of these profoundly interesting yet fearful scenes, visitors have with impunity rambled above and beneath the overhanging rocks; and though the danger was evident to the eye, no accident had happened, no event had taken place to warn them of the hazard to which they were exposed.

Death of Dr. Hungerford.

About 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 27th of May, 1839, Doctor Hungerford, of Troy, N. Y. with Mr. Nide, of Columbus, O. and Mr. Lindsey, their guide, were viewing the river and Falls, near Ingraham's Cave, below the point of Iris Island. The guide, having hold of the arm of Doctor Hungerford, and standing between him and Mr. Nide, concluded that all had been seen at that point interesting to the travellers, and remarked that they would now go to another place. At that instant, he saw the air filled with earth and falling stones : all endeavored to spring aside. Doctor Hungerford fell. Mr. Lindsey immediately raised him, and, with the assistance of Mr. Nide, bore him to a more secure place. They were not at first aware of the fatal injury that he had received. The rocks had struck him on the back of the head, and on his neck and shoulders. He breathed but a few times, and expired without a groan or the least convulsive motion. Mr. Lindsey, too, received several severe contusions, and had his coat and pantaloons torn, but did not notice his own bruises until some time after.

About half an hour before, the party had been standing on the edge of the bank immediately above the spot where Doctor Hungerford met his death. While there, he was engaged in taking notes of the scene in his memorandum book ; and, what is very singular, he there wrote, and they were the last words he ever wrote,—
“ *I consider these rocks my enemies.*”

It is not wonderful that this sad accident should have happened ; but centuries may roll away, and thousands and tens of thousands of individuals pass and repass in safety, as they have done, before such another melancholy disaster again is witnessed.

 Chronological Table.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

1658. First authentic notice of the Falls.
 1678. They were visited by Father Hennepin,
 1679. Stockade Fort built by De la Salle, on the present site of Fort Niagara.
 1711. Earliest date found on the rocks at the Falls.
 1712. A part of the Tuscarora tribe of Indians immigrated from Carolina.
 1742. The earliest date found on the trees on Iris Island.
 1759. Battle of the Devil's Hole. Fort Niagara taken from the French. French Vessels burnt at Burnt Ship Creek.
 1770. Goats placed on Iris Island, by Mr. Stedman, an Englishman.
 1795. A shock of an earthquake at Niagara Falls.
 1796. Fort Niagara delivered up to the Americans. The British inhabitants move to Canada. At this time, there was but one white family, exclusive of those at Fort Niagara and Schlosser, in the territory that now forms the county of Niagara.
 1804. The village of Lewiston surveyed out.
 1805. The mile reserve, a strip of one mile along the Niagara river, from Fort Niagara to Buffalo, sold by the State of New York, at public sale, at Albany. Augustus Porter, Esq. settles near the Falls, and lays out Manchester, afterwards Niagara Falls village.
 1810. Mr. Valentine and another person go over the Falls.
 1811. John Downing drifts out in the Whirlpool, and gets out safe.
 1812. October 13. Battle of Queenston.
 1813. May 27. Battle of Fort George.
 June 5. Battle of Stony Creek.
 June 24. Battle of Beaver Dams.
 Dec. 19. The British take Fort Niagara by surprise, burn all the frontier villages, and lay waste and depopulate the country.
 1814. July 6. Battle of Chippewa.
 July 25. Battle of Lundy's Lane.
 1817. First bridge built to Iris Island, and was the next winter carried off by the ice.
 1818. The second bridge to the Island, built lower down than the first. A portion of Table Rock falls, with much noise. Gen. P. Whitney builds the first stairs down the bank, and establishes the first ferry
 1820. Two men, in a scow, go over the Falls.
 1822. Two men, from Grand Island, go over the Falls.
 1825. William Chambers and another man, in a canoe, go over the Falls. Cave discovered by Mr. Catlin, which bears his name.

Tables of Distances.

1827. A vessel, called the Michigan, with animals on board, is sent over the Falls.
1828. Another portion of Table Rock falls; and in the same year, several large pieces of the rock composing the Horse Shoe Fall.
1829. The Biddle staircase built. The schooner Superior sent over the Falls. Sam. Patch jumps twice from a platform erected below the bank. Another part of Table Rock falls.
1831. June 10. Francis Abbott drowned while bathing.
1832. A canal boat drifts across the river. Cholera prevails through the country; no cases at Niagara Falls village.
1834. July 15. Mr. Berry Hill White and Mr. George Sims first enter Ingraham's Cave.
1835. May 19. A man went over the Falls.
1836. Great speculation in real estate. Two men, in a skiff, go over the Falls. Cars first commence running on the Buffalo and Niagara Falls rail-road. Alexander goes over the bank.
1837. Cars commence running on the Lockport and Niagara Falls and Lewiston rail-roads. Dec. 29. Steam-boat Caroline cut out from Schlosser, and burnt.
1838. Dec. 11. Capt. Usher, at Street's Point, assassinated.
1839. Feb. 19. Pavilion Hotel burnt. May 27. Dr. Hungerford, of Troy, killed near Ingraham's Cave, by some falling rocks, whilst viewing the Falls.

TABLES OF DISTANCES.

From the Cataract Hotel and Eagle Tavern to the top of the bank at the ferry	- - - -	100 rods.
Thence to the water	- - - -	25 "
The river, at the ferry, is in width	- - - -	56 "
From the water's edge to the top of the bank, in Canada,		96 "
Thence to the Clifton House	- - - -	10 "
" to the Pavilion	- - - -	266 "

DISTANCES FROM NIAGARA FALLS, U. S.

To Point View	$\frac{3}{4}$ m.	To Mineral Springs	2 m.
Whirlpool	3	Devil's Hole	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Tuscarora	8	Lewiston	7
Five Mile Meadow . . .	8	Youngstown	13
Fort Niagara	14	Lockport, pr rail-road,	24
Schlosser	2	Pekin	13
Tonawanda	11	Buffalo	22

 Distances.—Advertisements.

DISTANCES FROM NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA.

To Burning Spring . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ m.	To Drummondville . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ m.
Chippewa village. . .	2	Whirlpool	4
Deep Cut, W. Canal, .	8	Stamford	4
St. Catherine's. . . .	12	St. David's.	6
Waterloo	14	Queenston	8
Fort Erie	16	Fort George	14

GENERAL DISTANCES FROM NIAGARA FALLS.

	miles		miles
To Toronto	41	To Rochester	80
Hamilton	40	Albany	300
Oswego	110	Kingston, U. C. . . .	200
Olean Point	98	Montreal	388
Cleveland	212	Quebec	568
Pittsburgh	232	New York	450
Detroit	332	Mackinaw	651
Green Bay	529	Sault St. Marie . . .	729
Chicago	1234	Chillicothe, Ohio . .	403
Cincinnati	468	Columbus	350
Philadelphia, via Alb.	538	Washington	703

ADVERTISEMENT S.

Cataract Hotel, P. Whitney, }
 Eagle Tavern, T. W. Fanning, } Village of Niagara Falls, U. S.
 Hulett's Hotel, W. E. Hulett, }

Clifton House, M. Crysler, Clifton, Upper Canada.

Steam Boat Hotel, Mr. Owen, Chippewa, do.

Union Hotel, Mr. Slater, do do.

Winding Stairs at Table Rock, Mr. J. Starkey.

FERRYMEN,

S. L. Ware, American side.

J. Shultersburgh, Canada.

GUIDES TO THE FALLS,

Samuel Hooker, }
 David Lindsey, } Village of Niagara Falls, U. S.

Ansel B. Jacobs, Baths, Specimens, and Indian Curiosities,
 Bath Island.

Museum of Natural Curiosities, Specimens, and Indian
 Curiosities, T. Barnett, between Table Rock
 and Clifton House, Canada.

ERRATA.

Page 18, line 27, for *cars*, read *cars*.

“ 23, “ 13, for *tremendous emotion*, read *tremulous motion*.

“ 25, “ 24, for *in*, read *it*.

“ 30, “ 9, for *mid* read *iced*.

“ 42, “ 2, for *feet*, read *rods*.

“ 90, “ 20, for *must*, read *moves*.

“ 95, “ 1, for *these are* read *there*.

“ 96, “ 11, for *smith*, read *smooth*.

“ 128, “ 20, for *these*, read *three*.

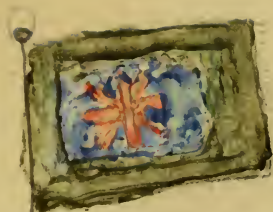
“ 147, “ 7, *in* omitted.

“ 153, “ 31, for *been*, read *became*.

“ 168, Mr. Lindsay, the guide's name, is wrong ; it should be *Edwin G. Lindsey*.







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